

Familiar Letters:

Vol. II.

CONTAINING
Thirty Six LETTERS,

By the Right Honourable
John, late Earl of *ROCHESTER*.

Printed from his Original Papers.

WITH
LETTERS and SPEECHES,
BY

The late Duke of <i>Buck-</i> <i>ingham</i> .	Sir <i>George Etheridge</i> , to several Persons of Honour.
The Honourable <i>Henry</i> <i>Savile</i> , Esq;	

And
L E T T E R S

By several Eminent Hands.

London: Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at
the *Dolphin and Crown*, at the West-
End of *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1705.

Familiar Letters:

VOL II.

CONTAINING

Thirty Six Letters,

By the Right Honorable

John, the Earl of ROCHFESTER

Printed from the Original Manuscript

WITH

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

BY

Thomas, Duke of Devonshire, &c. &c. &c.
in several Papers

the Honorable Henry, Earl of Lincoln

&c. &c. &c.

And

A NEW EDITION

By several Eminent Hands.

London: Printed for Rich. W. Kingston, at
the Dolphin and Crown, at the W. S.
End of St. Paul's Church-Yard.

TO
Sir Edwin Sadler, B^t.

OF
Temple-Dinsley, in Hertfordshire.

Honoured SIR,

THough some may accuse me of Presumption, in offering this *Collection of Letters* to your Patronage, without having the Honour of your Acquaintance; yet, considering the *Merits* of the *Noble Authors* concern'd in it, and your own, all Impartial Judges will acquit me, and applaud my Choice. Since not to know the Interest you, Sir, have in the Republick of Letters, and what our Country has ow'd to the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

happy Counfels of your Great Ancestors, is to be equally unacquainted with our History, and with all those whom you Honour with any Intimacy, In the first we shall find what a considerable Figure Sir *Ralph Sadler*, your Noble Progenitor, once made in the Publick Affairs of this Nation. Among the latter, we shall meet with no Man more Celebrated for the Politer Studies, and that true Generosity, which compose a Fine Gentleman: and in you, Sir, give us an agreeable Proof of the present Care Providence takes of Eminent Merit.

The Reputation of the Vivacity and Wit of my Lord *Rochester*, is so established, that it is not in the Power of those Ill-natur'd Critics, describ'd by himself, that

Are

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Are dully vain of being hard to
please,*

to lessen his Esteem. The great Success of the First Volume, has made this evident ; of which this Second (I hope) will be a farther Proof.

The late Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Savile, Sir George Etheridge, bring their own Credentials : And as for the rest that make up this Book, I shall leave them to their own Desert, being convinced that no *Apology* will ever prepossess a *Reader* to the Advantage of whatever wants Force enough to recommend it self ; and all that a Man can say, is taken (like Court Recommendations) for Words of Course ; tho' I might here be allow'd to be Impartial, where I have

The Epistle Dedicatory.

nothing of my own to bribe my Opinion. But, Sir, as I offer the Diverting Part to Your Pleasure, so I must that, which may prove otherwise to Your Generous Protection, with him, who begs leave to subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your most Humble and

Obedient Servant,

Charles Gildon.

THE

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

THE Extraordinary Success
of the First Volume of my
Lord Rochester's Letters, and the
great Encouragement of several Per-
sons of Quality, (who had seen the
Original Papers) to go on with the
Undertaking, have engaged me to
present You with this Second Vo-
lume, (in Compliance with the fre-
quent Importunities of Gentlemen for
the speedy Edition of it) before an
Excellent Collection of Fifty more of
my Lord's, and a considerable num-
ber

To the Reader.

ber of the Duke of Buckingham's, and Sir George Etheridge's came to my Hands; and which are now transcribing for the Press, being sufficient to make a Volume by themselves; and therefore I shall mingle none with them, unless any Gentleman or Lady, who have any of these Incomparable Authors by them, will send 'em me to gratifie the Publick, which has with so much pleasure received those already published. This Volume I design to get ready in Trinity Term.

If any one should doubt the Reality and Authentickness of these Letters in either of these Volumes, I have yet the Originals by me, and shall willingly shew 'em to any Gentleman or Lady that desires it; which must convince all that know my Lord's Hand.

There's

To the Reader.

*There's a Letter, by Mistake,
put into this Volume, which was ne-
ver intendid for it, tho' not disco-
vered till the Sheet was wrought off,
for which I desire the Reader's
Pardon.*

To the Reader.
There's a Letter, by Mr. M. Price.
— — — — —
— — — — —
not intended for it, tho' not disco-
vered till the sheet was brought off.
The Reader's

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newly Printed.

LOVE-LETTERS

By the Right Honourable

JOHN,

L A T E

Earl of ROCHESTER.

Printed from his Original P A P E R S.

V O L I I.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

SO much *Wit* and *Beauty*, as You have, shou'd think of nothing less than doing *Miracles*; and there cannot be a *Greater*, than to continue to love Me: affecting every thing is *mean*, as loving *Pleasure*, and being *fond* where

B b

You

2 *The Earl of Rochester's*

You find *Merit* ; but to pick out the *wild-
est* , and most *fantastical odd* Man alive,
and to place your *Kindness* there is an
Act so *brave and daring*, as will shew the
Greatness of Your Spirit, and *distinguish*
You in *Love*, as you are in *all things* else,
from Womankind. Whether I have made
a good Argument for *my self*, I leave You
to *judge* ; and beg You to believe me,
whenever I tell You what Mrs. R. is,
since I give you so *sincere* an Account of
her humblest Servant: Remember the
Hour of a *strict* Account, when both
Hearts are to be *open*, and we oblig'd to
speak *freely*, as You order'd it *Yesterday*, for
so I must ever call the *Day* I saw you last
since all time between that and the next
Visit , is no part of my *Life*, or at least
like a *long Fit* of the *Falling-sickness* ,
wherein I am *dead* to all *Joy* and *Happi-
ness*. Here's a damn'd impertinent Fool
bolted in, that hinders me from ending
my *Letter* ; the Plague of——take him
and any Man or Woman alive that take
my *Thoughts* off of You : But in the *Eve-
ning* I will see You, and be *happy* in spite
of all the *Fools* in the World.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

IF there be yet alive within you the least Memory of me, which I can hope only, because of the Life that remains with me, is the dear Remembrance of you; and methinks your kindness, as the younger, should out-live mine: Give me leave to assure you, I will meet it very shortly with such a share on my side, as will justifie me to you from all *Ingratitude*; tho your *Favours* are to me the greatest *Bliss* this *World*, or *Womankind*, which I think *Heaven*, can bestow, (but the hopes of it:) If there can be any *Addition* to one of the highest Misfortunes, my *Absence* from you has found the way to give it me, in not affording me the least *Occasion* of doing you any *Service* since I left you: It seems, till I am capable of *greater Merit*, you resolve to keep me from the *Vanity* of pretending any at all. Pray consider when you give another leave to

B b 2

serve

4 The E. of Rochester's

serve you, more than I, how much Injustice
you run the hazard of committing, when
it will not be in your power to reward
that More-deserving Man with half so
much Happiness as you have thrown a
way upon my Worthless Self,

Your Restless Servant,

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

I Know not well who has the *worst* on't, you, who love but little, or I, who doat to an *Extravagance*; sure, to be half-kind, is as bad as to be half-witted; and *Madness*, both in *Love* and *Reason*, bears a better Character than a moderate state of either. Would I could bring you to my *Opinion*, in this Point; I wou'd then confidently pretend you had too just Exceptions either against me or my *Passion*, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*; I mean all the *Fools* of my own *Sex*, and that *fat*, with the other *lean* One of yours, whose prudent Advice is daily concerning you, how dangerous it is to be kind to the Man, upon *Earth*, who loves you best. I, who still perswade my self, by all the Arguments I can bring, that I am Happy, find this none of the least, that you are too unlike these People every way, to agree with them in any particular. This is writ between sleeping and waking, and I will not answer for its being *Sence*; but I, dreaming you were

at Mrs. N——'s with five or six *Fools*,
and the *Lean Lady* wak'd in one of your
Horours, and, in Amaze, Fright, and
Confusion, send this to beg a kind one
from you, that may remove my *Fears*,
and make me as Happy as I am Faith-
ful.

To Mrs. ———

Dear M A D A M,

YOU are starke Mad, and therefore
the fitter for me to love; and that
is the reason, I think, I can never leave
to be

Your Humble Servant,

To

To Mrs.

M A D A M,

TO convince you how just I must
ever be to you, I have sent this
on purpose, that you may know you
are not a *moment* out of my *Thoughts* ;
and since so much Merit as you have ,
and such convincing Charms (to me at
least) need not with a greater Advantage
over any ; to forget you, is the only *Re-
prieve* possible for a Man so much your
Creature and Servant as I am; which I am
so far from wishing, that I conjure you by
all the assurances of *Kindnesses* you have
ever made me proud and happy with,
that not two Days can pass without some
Letter from you to me : You must leave
'em, &c. — to be sent to me with *speed*.
And till the *blest* Hour wherein I shall see
you again, may Happiness of all kinds
be as far from me, as I do, both in *Love*
and *Jealousie*, pray Mankind may be from
you.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

THere is now no minute of my Life that does not afford me some new *Argument* how much I love you; the little Joy I take in every thing wherein you are not concern'd, the pleasing *Perplexity* of endless *Thought*, which I fall into, where-ever you are brought to my *Remembrance*; and lastly, the continual *Disquiet* I am in, during your *Absence*, convince me sufficiently, that I do you *Justice* in loving you, so as *Woman* was never loved before.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

YOur safe *Delivery* has delivered me too from *Fears* for your sake, which were, I'll promise you, as *burthensome* to me, as your *Great-belly* cou'd be to you. Every thing has fallen out to my *Wish*, for you are out of *Danger*, and the *Child* is of the *soft Sex* I love. Shortly my *Hopes* are to see you, and in a little while after to look on you with all your *Beauty* about you. Pray let no *Body* but your self open the *Box* I sent you; I did not know, but that in *Lying-in*, you might have use of those *Trifles*; *Sick*, and in *Bed*, as I am, I could come at no more of 'em; but if you find 'em, or whatever is in my power of use, to your *Service*, let me know it.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THis is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a Cripple, and I wou'd not imploy it in a *Lie* so soon; therefore, pray believe me *sincere*, when I assure you, that you are very *dear* to me; and, as long as I live, I will be *kind* to you:

P. S. This is all my *Hand* wou'd write, but my *Heart* *thinks* a great deal more.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Nothing can ever be so *dear* to me as you are; and I am so *convinc'd* of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: Believe all I say, for that is the kindest thing imaginable, and when you can devise any way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better *Understanding*, than my own, to shew my *Love*, without wrong to it.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

NOW, as I love you, I think I have reason to be *Jealous*; your Neighbour came in last Night with all the *Marks and Behaviour* of a *Spy*; every word and look imploy'd that she came to solícite your *Love* or *Constancy*: May her *Endeavours* prove as vain as I wish my *Fears*. May no Man share the *blessings* I enjoy, without my *Curses*; and if they fall on him alone, without touching you, I am happy, tho he deserves 'em not: but should you be concern'd, they'll all flie back upon my self; for he, whom you are kind to, is so blest, he may safely stand the *Cares*s of all the World without repining; at least, if like me, he be sensible of nothing but what comes from Mrs. —

To

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

YOU are the most afflicting fair Creature in the World ; and however you wou'd perswade me to the contrary, I cannot but believe the *Fault* you pretend to excuse, is the only one I cou'd ever be guilty of to you : when you think of receiving an Answer with Common Sense in it, you must write *Letters* that gives less *Confusion* than your last : I will wait on you, and be reveng'd by continuing to love you, when you grow weariest of it.

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

Y^Esterday it was impossible to Answer your Letter, which I hope, for that reason, you will forgive me ; tho indeed you have been pleas'd to express your self so extraordinarily, that I know not what I have to Answer to you. Give me some *Reason* upon your own account only, to be sorry I ever had the Happiness to know you, since I find you repent the *Kindness* you shew'd me, and undervalue the humble Service I had for you ; and, that I might be no happier in your Favours, than you could be in my *Love*, you have contriv'd it so well, to make them equal to my Hatred ; since that cou'd do no more than these pretend to, take away the *Quiet* of my Life. I tell this not to exempt my self from any Service I can do you, (for I can never forget how very happy I have been) but to convince you, the *Love* that gives you the *Torment* of *Repentance* on your side, and me the *Trouble* of perceiving it in the other, is equally unjust and cruel to us both, and ought therefore to die.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

You shall not fail of ——— on *Saturday*; and for your *Wretches*, as you call 'em, 'tis usually my Custom when I wrong such as they, to make 'em amends; tho' your Maid has *aggravated* that matter more to my *Prejudice* than I expected from one who belonged to you, and for your own share, If I thought you a Woman of *Forms*, you shou'd receive all the *Reparations* imaginable; but it is so unquestionable, that I am thoroughly your humble Servant, that all the World must know, I cannot offend you, without being sorry for it.

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

THo' upon the Score of *Love*, which is immediately my *Concern*, I find aptness enough to be *jealous*; yet upon that of your *Safety*, which is the only thing in the World *weighs* more with me than my *Love*, I apprehend much more. I know, by woful Experience, what comes of dealing with *Knaves*; such I am sure you have at this time to do with; therefore look well about you, and take it for granted, That unless you can *deceive* them, they will certainly *cozen* you. If I am not so *wise* as they, and therefore less *fit* to advise you, I am at least more *concern'd* for you, and for that reason the likelier to, prove *honest*, and the rather to be *trusted*. Whether you will come to the Duke's Play-house to Day, or at least let me come to you when the Play is done, I leave to your Choice; let me know, if you please, by the Bearer.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

Might I be so happy to receive such Proofs of your *Kindness*, as I myself wou'd *choose*, one of the greatest I cou'd think of were, that all my *Actions*, however they appear'd at first, might be interpreted as meant for your *Service*; since nothing is so agreeable to my Nature, as seeking my own *Satisfaction*; and since you are the best *Object* of that I can find in the World, how can you entertain a *Jealousie* or *Fear*? You have the strongest *Security* our frail and daily changing Frame can give, that I can *live* to no end so much, as that of pleasing and serving you.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Have not sinn'd so much as to deserve to live two whole Days without seeing of you. From your *Justice* and *Good-nature* therefore I will presume you will give me leave to wait on you at Night, and for your sake use not that Power (which you find you have absolute over me) so unmercifully as you did last time, to divert and keep me off, from convincing you by all the Reasons imaginable, how necessary 'tis to preserve you faultless, and make me happy; and also, that you believe and use me like the most Faithful of all your Servants, &c.

C c

To

To Mrs. ———

MADAM,

DEAREST of all that ever was Dearest to me, if I love any thing in the World like you, or wish it in my Power to do it, may I ever be as unlucky and as hateful as when I saw you last. I who have no way to express my Kindness to you, but Letters, which cannot speak it half; whether shall I think myself more unfortunate, who cannot tell you how much I love, or you, who can never know how well you are belov'd; I would fain bring it about, if it were possible, to wait upon you to day; for besides that I never am without the passionate Desire of being with you, at this time I have something to tell you, that is for your Service, and will not be unpleasant News, but I am in Chains here, and must seek out some device to break 'em for a quarter of an hour.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

IT is impossible for me to neglect what I love, as it would be impertinent to profess love where I had none; but I take the vanity to assure my self, you cannot conclude so severely both of my Truth and Reason, as to suspect me for either of those Faults. If there has been a Misfortune in the Miscarriage of my Letters, I beseech you not to add to it by an uncharitable Censure, but do me the right to believe the last thing possible in the World, is the least Omission of either Kindness or Service to you: I wish the whole World was as intirely yours as I am, you wou'd then have no reason to complain of any Body; at least, it wou'd be your own Fault, if they were not what you pleas'd. Those wretches you speak of in your Letter, are so little valuable, that you will easily forget their Malice, and rather look upon the more considerable part of the World, who will ever find it their Interest, and make it their vanity to serve you. And now to

let You know how soon I propose to be out of pain, two Days hence I leave this Place, in order to my Journey towards *London*; and may I then be but as happy as Your Kindness can make me, I shall have but very little room either for *Envy* or *Ambition*.

Octob. 6th. This Morning
your Messenger came.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,
I Found You in a Chiding Humour to Day, and so I left you; to Morrow I hope for better Luck: till when, neither You, nor any you can employ, shall know whether I am under or above Ground, therefore lie still, and satisfie your self, that you are not, nor can be half so kind to Mrs. ——— as I am:

Good-Night.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

MY Faults are such, as, among reasonable People, will ever find Excuse; but to You I will make none, You are so very full of *Mystery*: I believe You make Your *Court* with good Success, at least I wish it; and as the kindest thing I can say, do assure You, You shall never be my *Pattern*, either in *Good nature*, or *Friendship*, for I will be after my own rate, not Yours,

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

I Am far from delighting in the Grief I have given you, by taking away the *Child*; and you, who made it so absolutely necessary for me to do so, must take that excuse from me, for all the ill Nature of it: On the other side, pray be assur'd, I love *Betty* so well, that you need not apprehend any *Neglect* from those I employ; and I hope very shortly to restore her to you a finer *Girl* than ever. In the mean time you wou'd do well to think of the *Advice* I gave you, for how little shew soever my *Prudence* makes in my own *Affairs*, in yours it will prove very successful, if you please to follow it; and since *Discretion* is the thing alone you are like to want, pray study to get it.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Came to Town late last Night, tho time enough to receive News from the King very surprizing, you being chiefly concern'd in't: I must beg that I may speak with you this morning, at ten a Clock; I will not fail to be at your Door: The *Affair* is unhappy, and to me on many Scores, but on none, more than that it has disturb'd the *Heaven* of *Thought* I was in, to think, after so long an *Absence*, I had liv'd to be again blest with seeing my Dearest Dear, Mrs. ———

To Mrs.——

M A D A M,

I Am forc'd at last to own, That 'tis very uneasie to me to live so long without hearing a word of You, especially when I reflect how *Ill-natured* the World is to *pretty* Women, and what occasion You may have for their Service. Besides, I am unsatisfied Yet, why that *Inconsiderable* Service You gave me leave to do you, and which I left positive Orders for when I came away, was left unperform'd; and if the *Omission* reflect upon my *Servant*, or my self, that I might punish the one, and clear the other. I have often wish'd, I know not why, but I think for your sake more than my own, that Mrs.—— might forget me quit: but I find it wou'd trouble me of all things, shou'd she think ill of me, or remember me to hate me, but when-ever she wou'd make me happy; if she can yet wish me so, let her command some real Service, and my *Obedience* will prove the best *Reward* my *Hopes* can aim at.

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

MY Visit Yesterday was intended to tell you, I had not *Din'd* in Company of *Women*, which (tho for a certain *Reason* I cou'd not very well exprefs with *Words*) was however fufficiently made appear, fince you could not be fo very *Ill-natur'd* to make fevere Reflections upon me when I was gone. Were Men without *Frailties*, how wou'd you bring it about to make 'em love You fo blindly as they do. I cannot yet imagine what fault You cou'd find in my Love-letter ; certainly 'twas full of *Kindness* and *Duty* to you ; and whileft thefe two Points are kept inviolable, 'tis very hard when you take any thing ill. I fear ftaying at Home fo much gives You the *Spleen* (for I am loth to believe 'tis I) I have therefore fent You the two *Plays* that are acted this Afternoon ; if that *Diverfion* cou'd put You into fo good a Humour, as to make You able to endure me again. I fhould be very much oblig'd to the *Stage*. However, if your *Anger* continue, fhew Your felf at the *Play*, that I may look upon

upon you, and go *mad*. Your *Revenge* is in your own *Eyes*; and if I must suffer I wou'd chuse that way.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

THo not for *real Kindness* fake, at least to make your own Words good, (which is a Point of Honour proper for a *Woman*) endeavour to give me some *undeniable Proofs* that you love me. If there be any in my *Power* which I have yet neither given nor offer'd, you must explain your self; I am perhaps very dull, but withall very sincere: I could wish, for your fake, and my own, that your Failings were such; but be they what they will, since I must love you, allow me the liberty of telling you sometimes unmanly *Tricks*, when my *Zeal* for your Service causes, and your own *Interest* requires it: These *Inconveniencies* you must bear with from those that love you with greater regard to you than themselves; such a One I pretend to be, and I hope, if you do not yet believe it, you will in time find it.

You

You have said something that has made me fancy to Morrow will prove a happy Day to me; however, pray let me see you before you speak with any other Man, there are Reasons for it, *Dearest* of all my *Desires*. I expect your *Commands*.

An Hour after I left You.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

I Have a very just *Quarrel* to *Business*, upon a thousand *Faults*, and will now continue it, whilst I live, since it takes from me some Hours of your *Company*. Till two in the Afternoon, I cannot come to you; pity my *Ill-fortune*, and send me word, where I shall then find you.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Was just beginning to write You word, that I am the most *Unlucky* Creature in the World, when Your Letter came in, and made me more certain; for You tempt me by desiring me to do the thing upon Earth I have the most *fondness* of, at this time; that is, going with You to *Windsor*; but the *Devil* has laid a *Block* in my way, and I must not, for my Life, stir out of Town these ten Days. You will scarce believe me in this particular, as You shou'd do, but I will convince You of the Truth, when I wait on You; in the mean time (to shew the *Reality* of my *Intentions*) there is a Coach ready hired for to morrow, which, if not true, You may disprove me by making use of it.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

Believe me, (*Dearest of all Pleasures*) that those I can receive from any thing but You, are so extremely dull they hardly deserve the Name. If You distrust me, and all my Professions, upon the Score of *Truth* and *Honour*, at least let 'em have *Credit* on another, upon which my greatest Enemies will not deny it me; and that is, its being *Notorious*, that I mind nothing but my own *Satisfaction*. You may be sure I cannot chuse but love You above the World, whatever becomes of the *King*, *Court*, or *Mankind*, and all their *Impertinent* Business. I will come to You this Afternoon.

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

THat I do not see You, is not that I wou'd not, for that, the *Devil* take me, if I would not do every Day of my Life, but for these Reasons You shall know hereafter. In the mean time, I can give You no Account of Your *Business* as yet; but of my own part, which I am sure will not be agreeable without others, who, I am confident will give full *Satisfaction* in a very short time, to all Your *Desires*: When 'tis done, I will tell You something that, perhaps, may make You think that I am Mrs. ———

Sunday.

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

Till I have mended my Manners
I am aſham'd to look you in the
Face, but ſeeing You is as neceſſary to
my Life, as Breathing ; ſo that I muſt
ſee You, or be Yours no more ; for
that's the Image I have of Dying.
The Sight of You then, being my Life,
I cannot but confeſs, with an humble and
ſincere Repentance, that I have hitherto
liv'd very ill ; receive my Confefſion, and
let the promiſe of my future Zeal and
Devotion obtain my Pardon , for laſt
Night's *Blasphemy* againſt You, my *Hea-*
ven ; ſo ſhall I hope, hereafter, to be
made partaker of ſuch Joys, in your Arms
as meeting Tongues but faintly can ex-
prefs. *Amen.*

To

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

I Assure You I am not half so faulty as
unfortunate in serving You ; I will
not tell You my Endeavours, nor excuse
my Breach of Promise ; but leave it to
You to find the cause of my doing so
ill, to one I wish so well to ; but I hope
to give You a better Account shortly.
The Complaint You spoke to me, con-
cerning *Miss*, I know nothing of, for she
is as great a Stranger to me, as she can be
to You. So, thou pretty Creature Fare-
well.

Your humble Servant,

To Mrs. ———

M A D A M,

YOur Letter so transports me, that I know not how to answer it, the Expressions are so soft, and seem to be so sincere, that I were the unreasonablest Creature on Earth, could I but seem to distrust my being the happier : and the best Contrivance I can think of, for conveying a Letter to me, is making a *Porter* bring it my *Foot-man*, where-ever I am, whether at *St. James's, Whitehall*, or home. They are at present pulling down some part of my Lodging, which will not permit me to see You there ; but I will wait on You at any other place, what time you please.

D d

To

To Mrs. —

MADAM,

I Could say a great deal to you, but will conceal it till I have Merit: so these shall be only to beg your Pardon, for desiring your Excuse till Monday, and then you shall find me an Honest Man, and one of my Word. So
Mrs. —

Your Servant,

To Mrs. —

Dear M A D A M,

MY Omitting to write to you all this while, were an unpardonable Errour, had I been guilty of it through *Neglect* towards you, which I value you too much ever to be capable of. But I have never been two days in a place, since Mrs. — went away ; which I ought to have given you Notice of, and have let you know, that her Crime was, making her Court to — with Stories of you ; entertaining her continually with the *Shame* she underwent to be seen in Company of so horrid a Body as yourself, in order to the obtaining of her —'s *Employment* ; and lastly, that my — was ten times prettier than that nasty B — — I was so fond of at *London*, which I had by you. This was the grateful Acknowledgment she made you for all your *Favours*, and this *Recompence* for all the little *Services*, which, upon your Account, she received from,

Your humble Servant, &c.

D d 2

To

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

A Nger, Spleen, Revenge, and Shame, are not yet so powerful with me, as to make me disown this great *Truth*, That I love you above all things in the World: But, I thank God, I can distinguish, I can see very *Woman* in you, and from your self am convinc'd I have never been in the wrong in the Opinion of *Women*: 'Tis impossible for me to curse you; but give me leave to pity my self, which is more than ever you will do for me. You have a Character, and you maintain it; but I am sorry you make me an Example to prove it: It seems (as you excel in every thing) you scorn to grow less in that noble Quality of Using your *Servants* very hardly: You do well not to forget it and rather practice upon me, than lose the Habit of being very *Severe*, for you that chuse rather to be Wise than Just or Good-natur'd, may freely dispose of all things in your Power, without Regard
to

to one, or the other. As I admire you, I would be glad I could imitate you; it were but Manners to endeavour it; which, since I am not able to perform, I confess you are in the right to call that Rude, which I call Kind; and so keep me in the Wrong for ever, which you cannot chuse but take great Delight in: You need but continue to make it fit for me not to love you, and you can never want something to upbraid me with.

*Three a Clock in the
Morning.*

The End of the E. of R.'s Letters.

LETTERS

ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Written by

Mrs. J. PRICE.

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

HAVING so much Wit, I wonder you shou'd in the least mistake Kindness for Prudence; that's a thing I never had yet laid to my Charge. In time I doubt not but you will know me better: I am the sorrier for my Indisposition, since I cannot comply with your *Desires*; however, if you please to come hither, you shall be extreamly welcome to her that will esteem her self happy in your *Friendship*.

Thursday.

J. PRICE.

To

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

MADAM,

TWere very dull and ill-natur'd in me, to forget the Joy and Satisfaction I receiv'd in your last Kindness ; and seeming to do it, were a Fault not pardonable : therefore, *Madam*, forgive this *Impertinence*, since there is no way that can tell so much the Sence of your *Favours* as this ; and I have had a Hope that you wou'd be so Good-natur'd as to have seen me : But the same Cross-fate, which generally pursues me, leaves me not in this concern : Let me know that you are well, and 'twill make some Reparation for the Pain I suffer in not seeing you ; and, if you think I deserve your Kindness, 'tis a Happiness, which shall never be forgot, by

Your most humble Servant,

J. PRICE.

To Mrs. ROBERTS.

M A D A M,

I Have this Morning acquainted the Party with the Honour you did me last Night ; and, as you express your self to me only in general Terms, I cou'd do no more to him : I find him very sensible of his Obligation to you, and willing to comply in any thing, in his own Power, reasonable for your Service ; it is an easier Task for *Beauty* to get twenty *new* Servants, than recover one *old* one ; and, truly, I conceive him in a desperate condition : He was a little surpriz'd to find me your *Embassadour* , but, I believe, took it better from my Mouth, than he would have done from any other.

J. PRICE.

A Letter to Mrs. Price.

M A D A M,

I Need not tell you how drunk we were on *Saturday*; since, as I remember, we gave you good proof of it under our own Hands: however, I made a shift to ride home, but am now galloping to *Poltimore*; and, if I am not mistaken, you will have occasion to take a little Journey too; Mum! for that. Here's not a Syllable of News, but that all things of our Concern stand fair and well; and if it should ever happen otherwise, which I'm confident it will not, be assur'd it shall not be the Fault of,

Your Love,

A
L E T T E R,

Written by the Honourable
H E N R Y S A V I L E.

To HENRY KILLIGREW, *Esq;*

Noble HENRY.

Sweet *Namesake* of mine, happy *Humour'd Killigrew*, Soul of Mirth, and all Delight ; the very Sight of your Letter gave me a kind of Joy, that I thought had been at such a Distance with me, that *She* and I were never more to meet : For, since I have been at *St. Albans*, *Heaven* and *Earth* were nearer one another, than *Joy* and *Fermyn* ; for, here, some half a Mile out of Town, absent from all my Friends, in the fear of being forgot by 'em, I pass my wearisom time, in a little melancholly Wood, as fit for a restless Mind to complain of his sad Condition,

dition, as I am unfit to relate my Sufferances, to one so happy as your Blessed Humour makes you; therefore as freely I quit you of Hearing what I cou'd say on this Subject: likewise allow me the Liberty of not answering in your own Stile; yet, dear *Harry*, write still the same way: Once I could drink, talk strangely, and be as mad as the best of you, my *Boys*; who knows but that I may come to it again? Comfort me, 'tis well I can stay thus long upon the matter, after the Life I have led, it is more than I did believe was possible for me to do; therefore do not abandon me yet, try two or three Letters more, there is great hopes of me; and if that does not do the business, send me to my *Wood* again, and allow me not other *Correspondent*, but pert and dull *Mast-----*'s a Punishment great enough for a greater Offender; for in this my Misery, he plays the *Devil* with me, surpasses himself by much: Prithee, *Killigrew*, allay his Tongue with two or three such sharp things, as you and I us'd to say of, you know *who*, for I lost mine. And so Farewel.

H. SAVILE.

LET.

LETTERS

IN

PROSE and VERSE,

ON

Several Occasions,

BY

Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE,
Knight.

To his Friend in London.

Dear SIR,

MY Letters from *England* tell me,
that this Summer My Lord
Chamberlain has won the Money at
Bowls, and my Lord *Devonshire* at *Dice*;
I hope neither of 'em have been lucky at
your cost. Before you receive this, I
reckon you will be in your *Winter Quar-*
ters,

ters, where you may have leisure to give me a short Account of what pass'd at the Campaign at *Tunbridge*. I cannot but remember Mr. M. tho' he seems to have quite forgot me; he is a very extraordinary Person, I find he had rather lend a Friend a hundred Pounds, than take the pains to write to him. I'm sensible his many Employments afford him little leisure, and I should pity his Mistress, but that I am perswaded his Prudence has made him chuse her in the Family. The Women here are not generally handsom; yet there is a file of young Ladies in this Town, whose Arms wou'd glitter, were they drawn up against the *Maids of Honour*; but the *Devil's* in't, Marriage is so much their Business, that they cannot fantasie a Lover that has Desires more fervent than *Frank Villers*. 'Tis a fine thing for a Man, who has been nourish'd so many Years with good substantial Flesh and Blood, to be reduc'd to Sighs and Wishes, and all those Airy Courses which are served up to feast a *Belle* Passion; but to comfort my self, in my Misfortune, I have learn'd to Ogle and *Languish* in Publick, like any *Walcup*; and to content my self in private, with a piece of Household-bread,

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bread, as well as some of my Friends. However unkind Fortune has been to you, don't revenge your self on me ; force the Sullenness of your Temper, and let me hear from you ; it is not reasonable I should lose a *Friend*, because you have lost your *Money*.

From Ratisbon,
Aug. 23d, 88.

Yours,

G. ETHERIDGE.

To

To the Earl of MIDDLETON.

*S*ince Love and Verse, as well as Wine,
 Are brisker where the Sun does shine,
 'Tis something to lose two Degrees,
 Now Age it self begins to freeze;
 Yet this I patiently could bear,
 If the rich Danube's Beauties were
 But only two Degrees less fair
 Than the bright Nymphs of gentle Thames,
 Who warm me hither with their Beams;
 Such power they have, they can dispence
 Five hundred Miles their Influence:
 But Hunger forces Men to eat,
 Tho' no Temptation's in the Meat.
 How wou'd the Ogling Sparks despise
 The Darling-damsel of my Eyes,
 Should they behold her at a Play,
 As she's trick'd up on Holiday,
 When the whole Family combine,
 For publick Pride, to make her shine?
 Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
 Are, on this day, comb'd out and platted,
 A Diamond-bodkin in each Tress,
 The Badges of her Nobleness;
 For every Stone, as well as She,
 Can boast an ancient Pedigree:

These

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These form'd the Jewel Crest did grace
 The Cap of the first Grave o' th' Race,
 Preferr'd by Graffin Maryan,
 To adorn the handle of her Fan;
 And, as by old Record appears,
 Worn since in Renigundus Tears,
 Now sparkling in the Fraulin's Hair,
 No Rocket breaking in the Air,
 Can with her starry Head compare;
 Such Ropes of Pearl her Arms incumber,
 She scarce can deal the Cards at Omber;
 So many Rings each Finger freight,
 They tremble with the mighty Weight;
 The like in England ne'er was seen,
 Since Holbin Drew, Hal, and his Queen.
 But after these fantastick Flights,
 The Lustre's meaner than the Lights:
 The Thing that bears this glittering Pomp,
 Is but a tawdry ill-bred Ramp,
 Whose Brawny Limbs and Martial Face,
 Proclaim her of the Gothick Race,
 More than the painted Pageantry
 Of all her Father's Heraldry.
 But there's another sort of Creatures,
 Whose ruddy Looks, and grotesque Features,
 Are so much out of Nature's way,
 You'd think 'em stamp'd on other Clay,
 No lawful Daughters of Old Adam.
 'Mongst these, behold a City-Madam,

With

*With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
A Dapper Cloak, and Reverend Ruff.
No Farce so pleasant as this Mawkin,
And the soft sound of High-Dutch talk-
The pretty Jet she has in walking: [ing, }
Here unattended by the Graces,
The Queen of Love in a sad Case is;
Nature, her Active Minister,
Neglects Affairs, and will not stir,
Thinks it not worth the while to please,
But when she does it for her Ease;
Ev'n I, her most devout Adorer,
With wand'ring thoughts appear before her,
And when I'm making an Oblation, }
Am fain to spur Imagination,
With some old London-Inclination.
The Bow is bent at German Dame,
The Arrow flies at English Game;
Kindness, that can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm,
Has, in the very tender'st Hour,
Over my Gentleness no Power,
True to my Country-Womens Charms,
When Kiss'd and Press'd in Foreign Arms.*

G. ETHERIDGE.

To the Earl of MIDDLETON.

From hunting Whores, and hanting
 Play,
 And minding nothing else all Day,
 And all the Night too, you will say,
 To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
 Converse with Fops, and write dull Letters,
 To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
 And sleep away my precious Time,
 In such a idle sneaking Place,
 Where Vice and Folly hide their Face :
 And in a troublesome Disguise,
 The Wife seems honest, Husband wise ;
 For Pleasure here has the same Fate,
 Which does attend Affairs of State ;
 The plague of Ceremony infects,
 Even in Love, the Softer Sex,
 Who an essential Will neglect,
 Rather than lose the least Respect :
 In regular Approach we storm,
 And never Visit but in Form ;
 That is, sending to know before,
 At what a-clock they'll play the Whore,
 The Nymphs are constant, Gallants private,
 One scarce can guess who 'tis they drive at,
 This

*This seems to me a Scurvy Fashion,
Who have been bred in a Free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Passion:
Yet cannot I forbear to Spark it,
And make the best of a Bad-market;
Meeting with One, by Chance, Kind-hearted,
Who no Preliminaries started,
I enter'd beyond Expectation,
Into a close Negotiation;
Of which, hereafter, a Relation:
Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I still was pleas'd with what she gave:
And with a firm and cheerful Mind,
I steer my Course with every Wind,
To all the Ports she has design'd.*

G. ETHERIDGE.

A
LETTER
FROM
ENGLAND.

TO SIR GEORGE ETHERIDGE,
Knight.

TO you who live in chill Degree,
As Map informs, of Fifty-three,
And do not much for Cold atone,
By bringing thither Fifty-one :
Methinks all Climes should be alike,
From Tropick to the Pole Arctick,
Since you have such a Constitution,
As no where suffers Diminution ;
You can be Old in grave Debate,
And Young in Love-Affairs of State ;
And both to Wives and Husbands show,
The Vigour of a Plenipo —————

Like

*Like mighty Missi'ner you come,
Ad partes Infidelium:
A Work of wondrous Merit sure,
So far to go, so much endure,
And all to preach to German Dame,
Where sound of Cupid never came;
Less had you done, had you been sent,
As far as Drake, or Pinto went
For Cloves or Nutmegs to the Line-a,
Or even for Oranges to China;
That had indeed been Charity,
Where, Love-sick Ladies helpless lye,
Chopt, and for want of Liquor dry,
But you have made your Zeal appear,
Within the Circle of the Bear;
What Region of the Earth so dull,
That is not of your Labours full?
Triptolemy, so sung the Nine,
Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine;
But, spite of all these Fable-makers,
He never sow'd on Almain-Acres;
No, that was left, by Fate's Decree,
To be perform'd and sung by Thee.
Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease,
As the French King thro' Articles.
In grand Affairs thy Days are spent,
In waging weighty Compliment,
With Such as Monarchs represent;*

*They whom such vast Fatigues attend,
 Want some soft Minutes to unbend,
 To shew the World that now and then,
 Great Ministers are Mortal Men;
 Then Rhinish Rummets walk the Round,
 In Bumpers every King is crown'd;
 Besides three Holy Miter'd Hectors,
 And the whole Colledge of Electors;
 No Health of Potentate is sunk,
 That pays to make his Envoy drunk:
 These Dutch Delights I mention'd last,
 Suit not, I know, your English Taste;
 For Wine, to leave a Whore or Play,
 Was ne'r Your Excellency's way;
 Nor need the Title give Offence,
 For here you were his Excellence;
 For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
 His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
 Now if You Tope in Form, and Treat,
 'Tis the sower Sawce to the Sweet Meat,
 The Fine You pay for being Great:
 Nay, there's a harder Imposition,
 Which is (indeed) the Court-petition,
 That setting Worldly Pomp aside,
 (Which Poet has at Font desy'd.)
 You wou'd be pleas'd, in humble way,
 To write a Trifle call'd a Play;*

*This truly is a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation,
Next to your wise Negotiation:
If You pretend, as well You may,
Your high Degree; Your Friends will say,
The Duke St. Aignan made a Play:
If Gallick Peer convince you scarce,
His Grace of B ——— has writ a Farce:
And You, whose Comick Wit is Terseal,
Can hardly fall below Rehearsal.
Then finish what you once began,
But scribe faster, if You can:
For yet no George, to our Discerning,
Has e'er writ under ten Tears Warning.*

A Letter to a Lady that design'd
to Marry a Courtier.

WHat Irreligious Courses have you run,
That such hard Penance must be un-
dergone?

Have you, like Harlots, made your Tail your
Trade,

And whor'd you into Sustenance and Bread?

Have you to Hospital some Lover sent?

And for that Mischief, by this worse, repent.

At Rome one Penance for their Ills they
bear;

But you will all in this united share. [past,
None e're this dangerous Sea of Mischief
Who did not suffer, or repent at last.

The giddy Passions of a youthful Mind,
Are oft by Wishes sway'd or Beauty blind.

Girls chuse their Husbands as they do their
Cloaths; [close;

Where, if without no Fault they can dis-

They easily espouse the Pageant Show,

In hopes the Colour will the Service do:

So you on Marriage look, are more intent

Upon a fine trimm'd Coat, than settlement.

One,

One, who tho' destitute of Wit and Sense,
Is stockt with Essence, Powder, and Pretence,
What tho' without he seems design'd for
Show,

The greatest Ass is still the greatest Beau :
And Asses always are esteem'd by you.

Don't tell me that his Promises are great ;
Who e'r forbore 'em, that design'd to cheat?
Lovers and Courtiers, you must know, by
course,

Are much as fickle as your self, or worse :
Nor that his Page that follows at his Tail,
Will e're secure him, upon Change, from
Fail.

There's great Uncertainty in Human Life,
And he must stick to's place, as well as Wife :
And that you'll say, is a laborious thing ;
All Night to serve his Wife, all Day the
King.

Don't tell me of his Gardens and Retreat ;
Fine Wives and Horses seldom make Men
great.

Except we do'em, as some Hackneys take,
More for our Interest, than our Pleasure's
sake :

Both to recreate by turns, when first enjoy'd ;
But, by Possession of them both, we're cloy'd.
Would you procure a Husband for your Ease,
Who for his Folly, not his Parts, might
please ;

Then

Then take a Statesman, when he's gone to Court,

You may contrive how to promote your Sport,
In every Instant deal for fresh Delight;
And fill his Wishes, and his Arms at Night.

Or if his Business be'n't a fit Disguise,
To give admittance to a Harmless Vice:
Yet his great Folly will contribute still
To help your Wishes, and promote your Will.
Under the Notion of a Country Friend,
You many pretty Pleasures may intend.
But to reserve your Virtue for a Fool,
Exceeds the Limits of Prudential Rule.
For a dull Ass, whose Passion's like his Brain,

Rather than Pleasure, will create your Pain.
And Lover's Extasies are ne'r so great,
As when in Sympathetick Fire they meet:
For Fools in Love, with Soldiers may compare,

Who, stunn'd with clamorous Noise of Guns
and War,

Are silently regardless of Command,
And, senseless of your Pleasure useless stand.

Thus they, when Pulse of Passion e're beats high,

Seem quite regardless of the profer'd Joy;

And,

*And ignorant of the Symptoms of Delight,
Smoak out the Day, and Snore away the
Night.*

*Don't tell me, You'r excessively in Love;
Your Wit will soon that vain Pretence dis-
prove.*

*Blockheads much labour'd under that of old;
But none dies now, but for their Darling
Gold,*

*Great is your Love, and great the Risque
you run,*

To be Unhappy, or at least Undone.

*Those Pleasures Young Girls fancy are so
Good,*

Are seldom felt, but always understood.

*'Tis but the Magick Spell, which Nature
yields,*

*To bring such untry'd Lovers to its Fields :
A specious Bait, fit Mankind to enslave,
And to bereave us of the Joys we have.*

*Would you be vertuous, get a Man of Juice, }
Fertile in Wit, and of his Love profuse ; }
For only such are fit for Womens Use : }*

*Where you in mutual Bonds of Joy may
range,*

And in your Kisses may your Souls exchange.

*One, with such Qualities, wou'd a Nun in-
vite,*

To quit Eternal Day for Earthly Night.

Such

Such would your lavish Wishes all engage,
And guard your Vertue as secure as Age.
In Joys unknown you then might pass the
Day,
Till Night shall take the Sun's bright
Beams away,
And both in clammy Joys, and Slumber,
quit the Fray.

J. W.

To

To Mr. CONGREGVE.

Dear SIR,

THE last Fortnight which I past in Town, and the first which I past in the Country, I had so much Sickness, and so much Spleen, that the greatest Kindness I could do my *Friends*, was, to let them know nothing of me. And yet, unless I had been silent so long, I should hardly know what to write to you. The Excuse for having held my Tongue, affords me Matter to talk of. Otherwise I could find nothing to say to you, unless I would send you Professions of *Friendship*; which, I hope, are wholly needless: or entertain you with talk of my self. And I am yet more unwilling to do the last than the first: For I have observ'd, That, for the most part, a Man who talks much of Himself, talks of a Subject which he does not at all understand. But you are to be excepted from this General Rule; and you could oblige me with nothing more grateful than

than some News of your self. I long to know how you proceed in your *Tragedy*, and should be glad to be inform'd how many are making a Party for it; that is, how many are writing Plays besides. I make no doubt but it will appear at the Head of a numerous Train; yet I believe you will have reason to be ashamed of some of your Equipage. I hear of three or four, who have a couple of Plays a-piece, which are to go into the House, as Vermin entred into the *Ark*, by Pairs; where they are both received and preserved with as much care, as the most Reasonable, and the most Noble Productions. Since *Providence* will have it so, we ought to conclude, that it is fitting it should be so. And indeed, why may not their *Songs* and *Madrigals*, and absurd and Speechless *Farces*, help to constitute the Beauty and Harmony of the *Intellectual World*, as well as *Owls*, and *Stotes*, and *Polecats*, do that of *Material Beings*. However, these Fellows Productions are fit to discover one Truth to us, which we should not have imagin'd without them; and that is, that there are greater *Sots* than themselves; for such are all their Applauders.

But

But to leave them for better Company, give my Service to all my *Friends* at *Will's*; both to those who shew their Wit by their Writing, and to those who by their Silence shew their Judgments. Tell ——— and ——— and ———, that I would fain know of them; nay, and of you too; so as *D* ——— says, *What a Devil have I done to you, that you cannot let a Man alone in his Solitude, but that you must disturb the Tranquility of his Mind*: I mean that little I have here. For hither come your *Idea's* at Five every Day precisely, and give me furious Desires to be at *Covent-garden*. I am forced to make use of a little piece of *Philosophy*; for I fancy you Quibbling there, and then I am as calm as a Matron. For I am apt to believe, that I have better Diversion here. I am lately, you must know, grown a great *Angler*; perhaps the greatest Man in the Age for *Gudgeon-fishing*; tho' I say it, who should not say it. That is Pastime which probably you may despise. However, as I take it, it is better than lying upon the *Catch* at *Will's*, and laying snares for Puns, as Spiders do for Flies. But I am about to fall into the Vice, which I de-

design'd to avoid. For I am about to talk of my self to you, which is a Subject of which I am sure I ought to say nothing, since its needless to assure you, that I am

Your humble Servant.

Newport,
Aug. 96.

To Mr. Wycherly.

Dear S I S,

THO I have enough to alledge in the behalf of my silence, to excuse it to any Man living but You; yet I have always profess'd that peculiar Esteem for you, that to make a sufficient Apology for myself, when Appearances are so much against me, I had need have an equal share of Wit with You. But since I come infinitely short of that, You would oblige me extreamly, if You would instruct me by the next Post, what thoughts and what Words I should use to make You forgive me. Yet to engage You to that I know You expect something at least that is like Wit from me. But You may every jot as reasonably expect a lusty Letter of Credit from me. And who the Devil, at this Conjunction, should expect, that the Post should bring either Wit or Money with him, when the Paper-credit of the Nation is lost in relation to both. Yet we have reason to believe, since You are resolv'd to turn Author again, that You may retrieve it in regard to one of them. I wish You all the Success to which Your

F f

Merit

Merit entitles You; and that is another Reason to make me wish for a Peace. For the Men who are able to judge, have now no leisure to read: They who have the greatest share of Wit and Spirit, being engaged in the Armies, or in Affairs. When *Appollo* now-a-days inspires a Poet, he did as when he fed *Admetus* his Sheep, and the God sings now to Cattle. Wit certainly never was at so low an Ebb, of which the *Coffee-house* is a lamentable example, as it is a miserable Spectacle. When you, and one or two more went out of Town, the great Supports of Politeness left it, and then the Enemy broke in upon us; and scarce any thing has appeared ever since in it, unless it be that Anti-wit, a Gamester. We almost regret those moments of abominable Memory, when Puns flew about as thick as Squibs upon a City-Festival. Even Quibbles, and Quarter-quibbles, if they could now be found, would be as much valu'd as Vermine are in Dearth. But what shall we say?

— *Etiam periere ruinae.*

*The very Ruines of Wit have perish'd.
So much of the Coffee-house in general.
Now*

Now for one or two of the noble Members in particular. And first, I have Wonders to tell you of *Lucifer*.

*Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet,volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.*

Lucifer is grown the most regular Fellow in the Universe: For he rises still exactly after Sun-setting, and ges to Bed still precisely before Sun-rising; and he and his Father, I mean his Spiritual Father, that is his Father *Phæbus*, live just as he and his Natural Father did, without ever seeing the Face of one another. But he has just sent a Message to me from the *Rose*; where, as the Drawer tells me, he has the most earnest Business in the World with me. The most earnest Business in the World to *Lucifer*, is, the securing a Man to sit up till five with him. However, I will just go and hear what he says, and drink Mr. *Wycherley's* Health with him. I am,

Lond. Sept. 10.
1696.

Dear Sir,
Your most humble Servant,

J. D E N N I S.

To DORINDA.

M A D A M,

O H ! how tedious is Absence from the Persons we adore ! And with what killing Anguish did I receive the doleful News of your Departure ! Where a mutual Inclination has united two tender Hearts, a Separation is more insupportable than Death it self : Yet if my *Dorinda* left the Town without a Sigh, I am more miserable still. You could not sure forget (so soon at least) all those obliging Vows you so frequently made ; Vows, whose Solemnity and Frequency were no inconsiderable part of my Felicity. Alas ! 'tis equally impossible for me to express the Horrors I now feel, or the powerful Lustre of those victorious Eyes that gave Birth to my raging Passion. Since that fatal Minute, that ravish'd from me all my Joys, in your leaving *London*, Heaven's my Witness, and every Divinity that conspired my Ruine ; nay, by your own beloved Self I swear

swear, (the greatest Oath my Love can invent) That my Heart has known no other Bliss than the endearing Thoughts of you. The pleasing *Idea* your irresistible Beauties have imprinted on my faithful Breast, at present constitutes all the easie Moments I enjoy ; and how few they must be, under the rated Circumstances of being depriv'd of your Sight, none can know, but those that love as well. Two Post-days are now past, and not one Line from my *Dorinda* ! Oh ! what can mean this Silence ? Do you then joyn with *Fate* to break a Heart, that would not vouchsafe to live, but to be yours ? An unusual Shivering darts through every Vein, and my drooping Spirits presage some other evil, which your unhappy *Strephon* must undergo. Were it only want of Health, and not of Love, that prevented your writing, my grief wou'd be less wounding. You may have a Fever ; but that you shou'd be false, I will not as yet believe possible. One Proof of your Infidelity would terminate all my Pain : For I were utterly unworthy of your Affection, if mine cou'd support so fatal an Assurance. But such Suspicions are injurious ; and I wou'd

rather question the Testimony of my Senses, than think you were Untrue. Oh ! let me hear from you, tho' but one Word ; the Rigors of Absence from your Arms and Eyes, will be less intolerable : Till then, my Torments are more than *Arithmetick* can number, or *Rhetorick* describe. Oh, *Dorinda* ! that I were at your Feet, to give you fresh Assurances of the Inviolableness of my Passion, whose Greatness was once your Wonder and Delight.

LET-

LETTERS
AND
SPEECHES,
ON
SEVERAL SUBJECTS,
By the Late
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

To the Lord BERCLEY.

My LORD,

I Must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse, for not waiting upon you next *Sunday* at Dinner, for two Reasons: The first is, Because Mrs. B——refuses to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind Slur upon so learned a Divine as I am. The other, That Sir Robert Cl—— is to go into the Country upon *Monday* and has desir'd me to stay within to *Morrow*,

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Morrow, about Signing some Papers, which must be dispatch'd for the clearing so much of my Estate, as in spite of my own Negligence, and the extraordinary Perquisites I have receiv'd from the Court, is yet left me. I'm sure your Lordship is too much my Friend, not to give me leave to look after my temporal Affairs if you do but consider how little I'm like to get by my Spirituality, except Mrs. B—— be very much in the wrong: Pray, tell her I am resolv'd hereafter, never to swear by any other than *Jo. Ash*; and if that be a Sin, 'tis as odd a one as ever she heard of. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most faithful Servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

The

The DUKE's SPEECH in a Conference.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I Am commanded by the House of Peers, to open to You the Matter of this Conference ; which is a Task I could wish their Lordships had been pleas'd to lay upon Any-body else, both for their own sakes and mine: Having observed, in that little Experience I have made in the World, there can be nothing of greater Difficulty, than to Unite Men in their Opinions, whose Interests seem to disagree.

This *Gentlemen*, I fear is at present our Case ; but yet I hope, when we have a little better consider'd of it, we shall find, that a greater Interest does oblige us at this time, rather to joyn in the Preservation of both our Priviledges, than to differ about the Violation of either.

We acknowledge it is our Interest to defend the Right of the *Commons* ; for, should we suffer them to be oppress'd, it
would

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would not be long before it might come to be our own Case : And I humbly conceive it will also appear to be the Interest of the *Commons* to uphold the Priviledge of the *Lords* ; that so we may be in a condition to stand by and support them.

All that their *Lordships* desire of you on this Occasion, is, that you will proceed with them as usually Friends do, when they are in Dispute one with another, that you will not be impatient of hearing Arguments urged against your Opinions, but examine the Weight of what is said, and then impartially consider which of us two, are likeliest to be in the wrong.

If we are in the wrong, we and our Predcessors have been so for these many hundred of Years ; and not only our Predecessors, but yours too : this being the first time that ever an Appeal was made in point of Judicature, from the *Lords* House, to the house of *Commons*. Nay, those very *Commons*, which turn'd the *Lords* out of this House, tho they took from them many other of their Privileges, yet left them the constant practice of this till the very last day of their Sitting. And
this

this will be made appear by several Precedents, these Noble *Lords* will lay before you, much better than I can pretend to do.

Since this Business has been in Agitation, their *Lordships* have been a little more curious than ordinary, to inform themselves of the true nature of these Matters now in Question before Us; which I shall endeavour to explain to you, as far as my small Ability, and my Aversion to hard Words will give me leave. For however the Law, to make it a Mystery and a Trade, may be wrapt up in Terms of Art, yet it is founded in Reason, and is obvious to common Sense.

The Power of Judicature does naturally descend, and not ascend; that is, no Inferiour Court can have any Power, which is not derived to it from some Power, above it.

The *King* is, by the Laws of this Land, Supreme Judge, in all Causes Ecclesiastical and Civil. And so there is no Court, High or Low, can Act, but in Subordination to Him; and tho they do not all Issue out their Writs in the *King's* Name,
yet

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yet they can Issue out none but by virtue of some Power they have received from him.

Now every particular Court has such particular Power as the *King* has given it, and for that reason has its Bounds: But the Highest Court, in which the *King* can possibly Sit; that is, His Supreme Court of *Lords* in Parliament, has in it all Judicial Power, and consequently no Bounds: I mean no Bounds of Jurisdiction; for the Highest Court is to Govern according to the Laws, as well as the Lowest.

I suppose none will make a Question, but that every Man, and every Cause, is to be tried according to *Magna Charta*; that is, by Peers, or according to the Laws of the Land. And he that is tried by the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Court of Admiralty, or the High Court of *Lords* in Parliament, is tried as much by the Laws of the Land, as he that is tried by the *King's-Bench*, or *Common-Pleas*.

When these Inferior Courts happen to wrangle among themselves, which they must often do, by reason of their being bound up to particular Causes, and their
having

having all equally and earnestly a Desire to try all Causes themselves, then the Supreme Court is forc'd to hear their Complaints, because there is no other way of deciding them. And this, under favour, is an Original Cause of Courts, tho' not of Men.

Now, these Original Causes of Courts, must also of necessity induce Men, for saving of Charges, and dispatch sake, to bring their Cause originally before the Supreme Court. But then the Court is not oblig'd to receive them; but proceeds by Rules of Prudence, in either retaining, or dismissing them, as they think fit.

This is under Favour, the sum of all that your Precedents can shew us; which is nothing but what we practise every day: That is, that very often, because we would not be molested with hearing too many particular Cases, we refer them back to other Courts. And all the Argument you can possibly draw from hence, will not in any kind lessen our Power, but only shew an Unwillingness we have to trouble our selves often with Matters of this Nature.

Nor

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Nor will this appear strange, if you consider the Constitution of our House ; it being made up, partly of such whose Employments will not give them leisure to attend the hearing of Private Causes ; and entirely of those that can receive no Profit by it.

And the truth is, the Dispute at present is not between the House of *Lords*, and the House of *Commons*, but between Us and *Westminster-hall* : For as we desire to have few or no Causes brought before us, because we get nothing by 'em ; so they desire to have all Causes brought before them, for a Reason a little of the contrary nature.

For this very Reason, it is their Business to invent new ways of drawing Causes to their Courts, which ought not to be pleaded there. As for example, this very Cause of *Skinner*, that is now before us, (and I do not speak this by Roar, for I have the Opinion of a Reverend Judge in the Case, who informed us of it the other day in the House ;) they have no way of bringing this Cause into *Westminster-hall*, but by this Form, the Reason

son and Sence of which I leave to you to judge of :

The Form is this, That instead of speaking as we ordinary Men do, that have no Art, That Mr. *Skinner* lost a Ship in the *East-Indies* ; to bring this into their Courts, they must say, that Mr. *Skinner* lost a Ship in the *East-Indies*, in the Parish of *Islington* , in the Country of *Middlesex*.

Now some of us, *Lords*, they did not understand the Refineness of this Stile, began to examine what the reason of this should be ; and so we found, that since they ought not by Right to try such Causes, they are resolved to make bold, not only with our Priviledges, but the very Sence and Language of the whole Nation.

This I thought fit to mention, only to let you see, that this whole Cause, as well as many others, could not be try'd properly in any place but at our Bar ; except Mr. *Skinner* would have taken a Fancy, to try the right of Jurisdctions between *Westminster-hall* and the Court of Admiralty, instead of seeking relief for the Injuries

juries he had received in the place, only where it was to be given him.

One thing I hear is much insisted upon which is, the trial without Juries; to which I could answer, that such trials are allow'd of in the *Chancery*, and other Courts: and, that when there is occasion for them, we make use of Juries to both by directing them in the *King's Bench*, and having them brought up to our Bar.

But I shall only crave leave to put you in mind, That if you do not allow Us in some Cases, to try Men without Juries, you will then absolutely take away the use of Impeachments; which I humbly conceive you will not think proper to have done at this time.

*The DUKE'S SPEECH in the
House of LORDS.*

My LORDS,

THere is a Thing called *Property*, which (whatever some Men may think) is that the People of *England* are fondest of, it is that they will never part with, and it is that His *Majesty*, in His *Speech*, has promised Us to take a particular care of.

This, my *Lords*, in my Opinion, can never be done, without giving an *Indulgence* to all *Protestant-Dissenters*.

It is certainly a very uneasie kind of Life to any Man that has either *Christian Charity*, *Humanity*, or *Good nature*, to see his Fellow-Subjects daily abus'd, divested of their Liberty and Birth rights, and miserably thrown out of their Possessions and Freeholds, only because they cannot agree which others in some *Niceties of Religion*, with their *Consciences* will not give them leave to consent to; and which, even by the Confession of

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Those who would Impose it upon them,
is no way necessary to *Salvation*.

But, my *Lords*, besides this, and all that may be said upon it, in order to the Improvement of our Trade, and the Increase of the Wealth, Strength, and Greatness of this *Nation*, (which, under Favour, I shall presume to discourse of at some other time) there is, me thinks, in this Notion of *Persecution*, a very gross Mistake, both as to the Point of *Government*, and the Point of *Religion*.

There is so as to the Point of *Government*, because it makes every Man's Safety depend on the wrong place, not upon the *Governour*, or a Man's living well towards the *Civil Government* established by *Law*, but upon his being transported with Zeal for every Opinion that is held by those that have Power in the *Church* then in Fashion.

And it is, I conceive, a Mistake in *Religion*, because it is positively against the express Doctrine and Example of *Jesus Christ*.

Nay, my *Lords*, as to our *Protestant Religion*, there is something in it yet worse;

worse; for we *Protestants* maintain, That none of those *OPINIONS*, which *Christians* differ about, are *Infallible*; and therefore in Us, it is somewhat an inexcusable Conception, That Men ought to be deprived of their *Inheritance*, and all the certain *Conveniencies* and *Advantages* of Life, because they will not agree with us in our uncertain *Opinions* of Religion.

My humble Motion therefore, to your Lordships, is, That you will give me leave to bring in a Bill of Indulgence to all Dissenting-Protestants.

I know very well, That every *Peer* of the Realm has a Right to bring into *Parliament* any Bill which he conceives to be useful to this *Nation*: but I thought it more respectful to your Lordships, to ask your Leave for it before; I cannot think the doing of it will be of any Prejudice to the Bill, because I am confident the Reason, the Prudence, and the Charitableness of it, will be able to justify it self to this House, and to the whole *World*.

*The D U K E's S P E E C H in the
House of L O R D S.*

My L O R D S,

I Have often troubled your *Lordships* with my Discourse in this *House*; but, I confess, I never did it with more trouble to my self, than I do at this time, for I scarce know where I should begin, or what I have to say to your *Lordships*: On the one side, I am afraid of being thought an Unquiet and Pragmatical Man; for in this Age, every Man that cannot bear every thing, is called Unquiet; and he that does but ask Questions, for which he ought to be concerned, is looked upon as Pragmatical. On the other side, I am more afraid of being thought a dishonest Man; and of all Men, I am most afraid of being thought so by my self; for every one is best Judge of the Integrity of his own Intention: And tho it does not always follow, that he is Pragmatical whom others take to be so; yet this never fails to be true, That he is most certainly a Knave, who takes himself to be so. No body is answerable for more Understanding than
G O D

G O D Almighty had given him : And therefore, tho I should be in the wrong, if I tell your *Lordships* truly and plainly what I am really convinced of, I shall behave my self like an honest Man : For 'tis my Duty, as long as I have the Honour to sit in this *House*, to hide nothing from your *Lordships*, which, I think, may concern either his *Majesty's* Service, your *Lordships* Interest, or the Good and Quiet of the People of *England*.

The Question, in my Opinion, which now lies before your *Lordships*, is not what we are to do, but whether at this time we can do any thing as a Parliament ; it being very clear to me, that the Parliament is Dissolved : And if, in this Opinion, I have the Misfortune to be mistaken, I have another Misfortune joyned in it, I Desire to maintain the Argument with all the Judges and Lawers in *England*, and leave it afterwards for your *Lordships* to decide, whether I am in the right or no.

This, my *Lords*, I speak not out of Arrogance, but in my own Justification; because if I were not thoroughly convinced, that what I have now to urge were grounded upon the Fundamental Laws

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of *England* ; and that the not pressing it at this time might prove to be of a most dangerous Consequence, both to his *Majesty*, and the whole Nation, I should have been loath to start a Motion, which perhaps may not be very agreeable to some People : And yet my *Lords*, when I consider where I am, whom I now speak to, and what was spoken in this Place, about the time of the last Prorogation, I can hardly believe that what I have to say, will be distasteful to your *Lordships*. I remember very well how your *Lordships* were then disposed with the *House of Commons*, and remember too as well what Reasons they gave to be so : It is not so long since, but that I suppose your *Lordships* may easily call to mind, that after several odd Passages between Us, your *Lordships* were so incensed, that a Motion was made here for an Address to his *Majesty* about the Dissolution of this Parliament ; and tho it fail'd of being carried in the Affirmative, by two or three Voices, yet this in the Debate was remarkable, the *Cit* prevail'd much with the Major part of your *Lordships* that were here present, and were only overpower'd by the Proxies of those *Lords*, who

who never heard the Argument. What change there hath been since, either in their behaving, or in the state of our Affairs, that should make your *Lordships* change your Opinions, I have not heard; and therefore, if I can make it appear, (as I presume I shall) that by Law the Parliament is dissolved, I hope your *Lordships* ought not to be offended at me for it.

I have often wondred how it should come to pass, that this *House of Commons*, in which there are so many honest, and so many worthy Gentlemen, should be less respectful to your *Lordships* (as certainly they have been) than any *House of Commons* that ever were chosen in *England*; and yet if the matter be a little enquired into, the Reason of it will plainly appear: For, my *Lords*, the very Nature of the *House of Commons* is changed; they do not think now they are an Assembly that are to return to their Houses, and become as private Men again (as by the Laws of the Land, and the Ancient Constitution of Parliament, they ought to do) but they look upon themselves as a standing Senate, and as a Company of Men pick'd out to be *Legislators* for the rest of their whole Lives; and if that be the cause my

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Lords, they have reason to believe themselves our Equals. But, my *Lords*, it is a dangerous thing to try new Experiments in Government. Men do not foresee the ill Consequences that must happen, when they go about to alter those Essential parts of it, upon which the whole Frame of the Government depends, as now in our Fall the Customs and Constitutions of Parliament; for all governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a Dependance one upon another. As in Clocks and Watches, if you should put great Wheels in the room of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the Fabrick would stand still: So you cannot alter any one part of the Government, without prejudicing the Motions of the whole. If this my *Lords*, were well considered, People would be more cautious how they went out of the old *English Way* and Method of Proceedings. But it is not my business to find fault, and therefore, if your *Lordships* will give me leave, I shall go on to shew you, why in my Opinion, we are at this time no Parliament.

The ground of this Opinion of mine, is taken from the ancient and unquestionable

tionable State of this Realm : And give me leave to tell your *Lordships*, by the way, that Statutes are not like Women, for they are not one jot the worse for being Old.

The first Statute that I shall take notice of, is, That in the Fourth Year of *Edward* the Third, *Cap.* 14. and it is thus set down in the Printed Book, Item, *It is accorded, that a Parliament shall be holden every Year once, and more often if need be.* Now these words be as plain as a Pike-staff, and that no Man living that is not a Scholar, could possibly mistake the meaning of them. It is the Gramarians of those Days that make a shift to explain, that the Words, *If need be*, did relate as well to the Words, *Every Year once*, as to the Words, *More often*. And so by this Gramatical Whimsey of theirs, had made this Statute to signifie just nothing at all. For this Reason, my *Lords*, in the 36th Year of the same *King's* Reign, a new Act of Parliament was made, in which those unfortunate Words, *If need be*, are left out, and that Act of Parliament is Printed thus, relating to *Magna Charta*, and other Statutes, made for the Publick

Publick Good ; Item, For maintenance of these Articles and Statutes, and the Redress of divers Mischiefs and Grievances, which daily happen, a Parliament shall be holden every Year, as at other time was ordained by another. Here now, my Lords, there is not left the least Colour or Shadow for any further Mistake ; for it is plainly declared, That the *King of England* must call a Parliament once within a Year : And the Reasons why they are bound to do so, are as plainly set down ; namely For the Maintenance of *Magna Charta*, and other Statutes of the same Importance, and for the preventing the Mischiefs and Grievances which daily happen.

The Question then remains, Whether these Statutes have been since repealed by any other Statutes, or no ? The only Statutes I ever heard mention'd for that, are the two Triennial Bills, the one made in the last *King's*, the other made in this *King's* Reign. The Triennial Bill in the last *King's* Reign, was made for the Confirmation of the two Statutes of *Edward the Third*, before mention'd : For Parliaments having been omitted every Year, according to these Statutes, a Statute

tute was made in the last *King's* Reign to this purpose, That if the *King* should fail of Calling a Parliament according to these Statutes of *Edward* the Third, then the third Year the People should Meet of Themselves, without any Writs at all, and choose their Parliament-men of Themselves. This being thought disrespectful to the *King*, a Statute was made by this last Parliament, which repealed the Triennial Bill; but after the Repealing Clause, which took notice only of the Triennial Bill made in the last *King's* Reign, there was then in this Statute a Paragraph to this purpose, That because the ancient Statutes of the Realm, made in *Edward* the Third's Reign, Parliaments were to be holden very often, it should be Enacted, That within three Years after the Determination of that present Parliament, Parliaments should not be discontinued above three Years at most, and should be holden oftener, if need required. These have been several false kind of Arguments drawn out of these Triennial Bills against the Statutes of *Edward* the Third; which I confess I could never remember; nor, indeed, those that urged them to me ever durst own;

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own; for they always laid their Faults upon Some-body else: Like ugly aufish Children, which because of their Deformity and want of Wit, the Parents are ashamed of, and so turn them out to the Parish. But, my *Lords*, let the Argument be what it will, I will have this short Answer to all that can be wrested out of the Triennial Bills, That the first Triennial Bill was repeal'd before the matter now disputed of was in question; and the last Triennial Bill will not be of force till the Question be decided; that is, till the Parliament be Dissolved. The whole matter therefore, my *Lords*, is reduced to this short *Dilemma*, Either the *Kings of England* are bound by the Acts mentioned of *Edward the Third*, or else the whole Government of *England* by Parliament, and by Law, is absolutely at an end: For if the *Kings of England* have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of *Magna Charta*, they have also a Power by an Order of theirs, to invalidate *Magna Charta* it self; and if they have Power, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate an Act made for the Maintenance of the Statute *De Telligio non concedendo*, they have also

also a Power, when they please, by an Order of theirs, to invalidate the Statute it self; and they may, not only without the Help of Parliament, raise what Money they please, but also take away any Man's Estate when they please, and deprive one of his Liberty and Life, if they please. This, my Lords, is a power, I think, that no Judge or Lawyer will pretend the *Kings of England* have; and yet this Power must be allowed them, or else we that are met here this Day cannot act as a Parliament; for we are not met by vertue of the last Prorogation; then Prorogation is an Order of the *King's*, and a point-blank Contrary to the two Acts of *Edward the Third*: For the Acts say, *That the Parliament shall be holden within a Year.* And the Prorogation says, *That Parliaments shall not be held within a Year, but some Months after.* This, I conceive is a plain contradiction, and consequently that the Prorogation is void.

Now, if we cannot act as a Parliament by vertue of the last Prorogation, I beseech your *Lordships*, by vertue of what else can we act? Shall we act by vertue of the *King's Proclamation*? Pray, my
Lords,

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Lords how so? Is a Proclamation of more force than a Prorogation? Or if any thing that has been ordered a first time be not valued, does the ordering it a second time make it good in Law? I have heard, indeed, That two Negatives make an Affirmative: But I never heard before, That two Nothings ever made Any-thing. Well; but how then do we meet? Is it by our own Adjournment? I hope that No-body has the Confidence to say so. Which way then is it we do meet here? By an Accident: That, I think, may be granted. But an accidental Meeting can no more make a Parliament, than an Accidental Clapping of a Crown on a Man's Head can make a *King*. There is a great deal of Ceremony required to give a Matter of that Moment a Legal Sanction. The Laws have repos'd so great Trust and Power in the Hands of the Parliament, that every Circumstance relating to the manner of their Electing, Meeting, and Proceeding, is lookt after with the most Circumspection imaginable. For this Reason the *King's* Writs about the Summons of *Parliament* are to be issued out *verbatim*, according to the Form Prescribed

scribed by the Laws, or else the Parliament is void, and nulled. For the same Reason, that a Parliament is summoned by the *King's* Writs, does not meet at the very same Day it's summoned to meet at, that Parliament is void and nulled; and by the same Reason, if a Parliament be not legally Adjourned *de die & in diem*, these Parliaments must also be void, and nulled. O, but some say, there is nothing in the two Acts of *Edward* the Third, to take away the *King's* Power in Prorogation, therefore Prorogation is good.

My *Lords*, under Favour, it is a very gross Mistake: For pray, examine the Words of the Acts; and the Acts say, *Parliaments shall be holden Once a Year*. Now, to whom can these Words be directed, but to them that are to call a Parliament? And who are they, but the *Kings* of *England*? It is very true, this does not take away the *King's* Power of Proroguing Parliaments, but it most certainly limits it to be within a Year.

Well then, it is said again, *If the Proroguing be null and void, then things are just as they were before*: And therefore the Parliament is still in being.

My

My *Lords*, I confess there would be some weight in this, but for one thing, which is, That not one word is true; for if, when the King had prorogued, we had taken no notice of his prorogation, but had gone on like a Parliament, and had adjourn'd our selves the *die in diem*, then I confess things had been just as they were before: but since, upon the Prorogation, we went away, and took no care our selves for our Meeting again, if we cannot meet and Act again by virtue of the Prorogations, there is an Impossibility of our Meeting and Acting any other way; and one may as probably say, that a Man who is killed by Assault, is still alive, because the Assault was unlawful.

The next Arguments that those are reduced to, who would maintain to be yet a Parliament, is, That the Parliament yet prorogued *sine die*, and therefore a *King* may call them by Proclamation.

To the first part of the Proposition, I shall not only agree with them, but also do them the Favour to prove, that it is so in the Eye of the Law, which I have never heard they have yet done: For the Statutes say, *A Parliament shall be had once within a Year.* And that Prorogation
having

having put them off till a Day without the Year, and consequently excepted against by the Law, that Day, in the Eye of the Law, is no Day at all, that is *sine die*, and the Prorogation might as well have put them off till so many Days after Doomsday; and then, I think, No-body would have doubted but that had been a very sufficient Dissolution. Besides, my Lords, I shall desire your Lordships to take notice, That, in former time, the usual way of Dissolving Parliament, was to dismiss them *sine die*; for the King, when he used to dissolve them, said no more, but desired them to go Home, till he sent for them again; which is a Dismission *sine die*. Now if there were forty ways of dissolving Parliament, if I can prove this Parliament has been dissolved by any one of them, I suppose there is no great need of the other thirty nine.

Another thing, which they most insist upon, is, That they have found a Precedent in Q. Elizabeth's Time, when the Parliament was once prorogued three Days beyond a Year: In which I cannot chuse but observe, That it is a very great Confirmation of the Value and Esteem all People have had of the forementioned

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Acts of *Edward* the Third; since, from that time to this, there can be but one Precedent found for the Prorogation of a Parliament above a Year, and that was but three Days neither. Besides, my *Lords*, this Precedent is of a very odd kind of Nature; for it was in the Time of a very great Plague, when every one of a sudden was forc'd to run away one from another; and so, being in hast, had not leifure to calculate well the time of the Prorogation; tho the appointing of it to be within three Days after a Year, is an Argument, to me that their Design was to keep within the Bounds of the Acts of Parliament; and if the Mistake had been taken notice of in *Q. Elizabeth's* Time, I make no question but She would have given a lawful Remedy to it.

Now, I beseech your *Lordships*, what more can be drawn from the producing this Precedent, but only because once upon a time a thing was done Illegally, therefore your *Lordships* should do so again: Now, my *Lords*, under Favour, this of ours is a very different Case from theirs; for as to this Precedent, the Question was never made; and all *Lawyers* will tell you, That Precedent that passes

sub

sub silentio, is of no validity at all, and will never be admitted in any judicial Court where it is pleaded: Nay, Judge *Vaughan* saith in his Reports, 'That in 'Cases which depend upon Fundamental 'Principles, from which Demonstrations 'may be drawn, Millions of Precedents 'are to no purpose. O but, say they, you must think prudentially of the Inconvenience that will follow it; for if this be allowed, all these Acts which are made in that Session of Parliament, will be then void; whether that be so or no, I shall not now examine.

But this I will pretend to say, That no Man ought to pass for a Prudential Person, who only takes notice of the Inconveniencies on one side; it is the part of a wise Man to examine the Inconveniencies on both, to weigh which are the greatest, and to be sure to avoid them; and, my *Lords*, to this kind of due Examination, I willingly submit this Cause, for, I presume, it will be easie to your *Lordships* to judge which of these two will be of most dangerous Consequence to the Nation, either to allow that the Statutes made, in that particular Sessions, in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, are void,

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which

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which may easily be confirm'd at any time by a lawful Parliament ; as, to lay down for a Maxim, That the *Kings* of *England*, by a Titular Order of Theirs, have Power to break all the Laws of *England* when they please : And, my *Lords*, with all the Duty we owe to His *Majesty* it is no disrespect to Him, to say, That His *Majesty* is bound by the Laws of *England* ; for the Great *King* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, *G O D Almighty* Himself, is bound by His own Decrees ; and what is an Act of Parliament, but a Decree of the *King*, made in the most solemn manner ? It is possible for Him to make it, that is, with the Consent of the *Lords* and *Commons*.

It is plain then, in my Opinion, that we are no more a Parliament ; and I humbly conceive your *Lordships* ought to give *G O D* thanks for it, since it has pleased Him thus, by his Providence, to take you out of a Condition wherein you must have been intirely useles to his *Majesty*, to your selves, and the whole Nation.

For, I beseech your *Lordships*, if nothing of this I have urged were true, what honourable Excuse could be found for acting again with this *House of Commons*, except we would pretend to such
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an exquisite Act of Forgetfulness, as to avoid calling to mind all that passed last Sessions; and unless we could also have a Faculty of teaching the same Art to the whole Nation! What Opinion would they have of us, if it should happen, that the very same Men that were so earnest, the last Sessions, for having this *House of Commons* dissolv'd, (when there was no question of their lawful Sitting) should now be willing to joyn with them again, when, without question, they are dissolved?

Nothing can be more dangerous to a *King* or People, than the Laws should be made by an Assembly, of which there can be doubt whether they have a Power to make Laws or no; and it would be in us so much the more inexcusable, if we should overlook this Danger, since there is for it so easie a Remdy; a Remedy which the Law requires, and which all the Nation longs for, the calling a New Parliament.

It is that can only put his *Majesty* into a possibility of receiving Supplies; that can secure your *Lordships* the Honour of Sitting in this *House of Peers*, and of being Serviceable to the *King* and Country, and

that can restore, to all the People of *England*, their undoubted Rights of choosing Men frequently to represent their Grievances in Parliament; without this, all we can do is in vain; the Nation might languish a while, but must perish at last; we should become a Burthen to our selves, and a Prey to our Neighbours.

My Motion to your *Lordships*, therefore, shall be, That we humbly address Our selves to His *Majesty*, and beg of Him, for His own Sake, as well as for all the Peoples sake, to give us speedily a New Parliament, that so we may unanimously, before it is too late, use Our utmost Endeavours for His *Majesty's* Service, and for the Safety, Welfare and Glory of the *English* Nation.

THE
Emperor of MOROCCO's
LETTER
TO

CHARLES *the Second.*

WHEN these Our Letters shall be so happy as to come to Your Majesty's Sight, I wish the Spirit of the *Righteous God* may so direct your Mind, that You may joyfully embrace the Message I send. The Regal Power allotted to Us, makes Us first *Common Servants* to Our Creator, then of those People whom we Govern: So that, observing the Duties we owe to *God*, we deliver Blessings to the World. In providing for the Publick Good of our Estates, we magnifie the Honour of *God*, like the *Celestial Bodies*, which, tho' they have much Veneration,

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ration, yet serve only to the Benefit of the World. — It is the Excellency of Our Office to be Instruments, whereby Happiness is delivered to Nations.

Pardon Me, Sir! this is not to *Instruct*, (for I know I speak to One of a more clear and quick *Sight* than My self;) but I speak this, because God hath pleased to grant me a happy *Victory* over some part of those *Rebellious Pyrates*, that so long have molested the peaceable Trade of *Europe*; and hath presented further Occasion to root out the Generation of those, who have been so pernicious to the Good of our Nations: I mean, since it hath pleased God to be so auspicious to our Beginnings, in the Conquest of *Sallee*, that we might joyn and proceed in hope of like Success in the Wars of *Tunis*, *Algiers* and other Places (*Dens* and *Receptacles* of the Inhumane Villanies of those who abhor Rule and Government.) Herein, whilst we interrupt the Corruption of malignant Spirits of the World, we shall glorifie the Great G O D, and perform a Duty, that will shine as glorious as the *Sun* and *Moon*, which all the Earth may see and reverence: A *Work* that shall ascend

ascend as sweet as the Perfume of the most precious Odour in the *Nostrils of the L O R D*; a *Work* grateful and happy to Men; a *Work*, whose Memory shall be revered so long as there shall be any remaining amongst Men, that love and honour the Piety and Vertue of Noble Minds. This Action I here willingly present to You, whose Piety and Vertues equal the Greatness of Your Power; that We, who are *Vice-gerents* to the *Great and Mighty G O D*, may hand-in-hand Triumph in the Glory which the Action presents unto Us.

Now, because the Islands which You Govern, have been ever famous for the Unconquered Strength of their Shipping, I have sent this my Trusty *Servant* and *Ambassadour*, to know, whether, in Your Princely Wisdom, You shall think fit to Assist me with such Forces by Sea, as shall be answerable to those I provide by Land? Which if You please to grant, I doubt not but the *L O R D of Hosts* will protect and assist those that fight in so Glorious a Cause. Nor ought You to think this strange, that I, who so much Reverence the Peace and Accord of Nations,

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tions, should Exhort to a War: Your Great Prophet *Christ Jesus*, was the *Lion of the Tribe of Judah*, as well as the *Lord and Giver of Peace*; which may signifie unto You, That He which is a Lover and Maintainer of Peace, must always appear with the Terror of his Sword; and wading thro' *Seas of Blood*, must arrive to *Tranquillity*. This made *James*, Your Grand-father, of Glorious Memory, so happily Renown'd amongst all Nations. It was the Noble Fame of Your *Princely Vertues* which resounds to the utmost *Cornors of the Earth*, that perswaded me to invite You to partake of that Blessing wherein I boast My self most happy. I wish *G O D* may heap the Riches of his Blessings on You, encrease Your Happiness with Your Days, and hereafter perpetuate the Greatness of Your *Name* in all Ages.

To

To Mr. BULSTRODE, at
White-hall.

S I R,

THE *Turks* breaking their Truce, and besieging *Vienna*, is very deplorable, but might reasonably enough have been foreseen, and is therefore the more strange the Emperor should be so unprovided. From the Princes of the Empire, surely no great Matters are to be expected, for they have their various Interest, and such Confederate Armies seldom do great things: and, should they call in the *French* to their Assistance, the end of that may easily be discerned; for, in all kind of Probability, it must make that *King* the Universal Emperor, and perhaps they may then bring amongst themselves as dangerous an Enemy as him, they now fear: The old Saying is a Truth, *Every-body for himself, and God for us all*; and therefore, I confess, I think it better for these Parts of the World, the *Turks* should have that part of *Germany* than the *French*; for that

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Almighty Neighbour, (should he acquire the Empire) will be a perpetual Plague to the Northern Countries, and in time to the warmer Climates too; for he has already made one Step into *Italy*, by *Casal*, and more than two Strides into *Spain* by his other Conquests, tho' he had solemnly protested, at the Holy Altar, Religiously to observe the Peace of the *Pyreneans*; but, we see, these Pro-citations are no Tye upon this *Mist Christian King*; for when ever (that he calls, the Advancement of his own Glory, comes in Competition with his Justice to His Neighbour, the Latter is sure to be the Sufferer. I doubt you will think me very impertinent, in meddling in State Affairs, but I rely upon your Goodness to forgive me, since you know, I am

Your most humble Servant,

M. PEACHEY.

To — — —

Dear Sir *Politick*.

TO prepare my self for writing to you, I wish I could conjure up the Spirit of *Nick Machiavel*; for how can I be able to make good my Promise to you, who are the Great *Anima Mundi Politici*? I have naturally a strange unhappy Honesty, which makes me not the best qualified for Politicks. I suppose you have heard over and over, of the Action in *Hungary*, where we have been as honourably beaten, as a Man could well desire. The Business of our Coin, which, under the new Dispensation, has been more than *Mosaically* Circumcised, begins now to make a very handsome Appearance, there being great store of new Money. To tell you my poor Opinion, the Nation has suffer'd the Fate of a Man that has got the *Pox*, who yet very wisely rejects all the *Quacks*, and relies upon the known approv'd Method of Fluxing: She throws off all the unsound Part, the bad Money, and in its room gets up a fresh Stock of Vigour. You very well know how Mat-
ters

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ters have gone with the *Bank* : Their Abatements are not so great as they have been, and it is hoped it will be again in a flourishing Condition. You and I have private Reasons to wish well, besides this publick one, That the *Bank* is one of the Pulses of our Government, and, as it beats high or low, a Man may make his Inferences : And thus much for State Affairs ; for really, Sir, I have but a mean Opinion of that sort of Study. Politicks in *Italy*, may be refin'd Understanding ; in *France*, a genteeler sort of Villany ; in *Holland*, Interest coarse spun ; but in *England*, are certainly *Flatus Hypochondriaci*. If this be not an effectual Plea for my Carelesness, you ought to consider, I am out of the Road of *Government*, and of an Age when Men generally mind other things : People under Seven and Twenty, tho' they live about Town, either are for none, or else for a lower Species of Politicks ; such as which, in the present War of Pleasure, shall get the better, *King Thomas*, or the Confederacy of Players.

Octob. the First,
1696.

Sir,

I am, &c.
To

To Mr. SAVAGE.

S I R,

I Esteem, tho' I cou'd not merit your Salute; and, while I return you mine in exchange, I acknowledge you a Loser by the friendly Venture you have made; yet, let not one Loss deter you from a farther Correspondence: The Amorous, or rather Wanton Widow, bears her Loss like a *Christian*; her Grief proceeds more from your Absence than his Death. I have the Secret, but am not beholding either to him that is dead, or her that is living for it. I am sorry to hear you made no greater Progress in that Affair; but do not wonder the Spirit moves not your Fancy so little, since you make all your Courtship to the Ladies; those more substantial Mistresses, the *Muses*, are but thin airy *Phantoms*, and I know you have more of the Real, than the *Platonick* Lover, in you. When you come to my years, perhaps, you'll be more inclin'd to court the latter; yet, I must confess, when we come to be Fumblers in *Love*, we are but Bunglers

glers in *Poetry*: The *Muses*, as well as the Ladies, are for the brisk, young and gay: I know not how well (the Ladies you mention) were pleas'd with hearing my Plays read; if they were delighted, I'll assure you, 'twas more with the *Reader*, than the *Writer*. Children have oft been kiss'd for their handsome Nurses fakes; 'twas you they liked, and not the Plays; the Pleasure was in your Company, and not in their *Wit* and *Merit*. You please to say the Ladies often wish'd my Company; that indeed wou'd have given 'em Diversion, for then they'd have laugh'd at me too, or if they did heartily wish it, I suppose you did not tell 'em I was an Author of *Fifty*; which now you may, and so preserve all their kind Thoughts for your self: But had they their Wish, I should ne'er have had mine; they would wish me gone from 'em, and I should wish to stay with 'em; I should admire them, and they would admire at the folly of Wishing. The Sighs the Fair One sent in the Paper, are not come to hand; but if I know by what Messenger you sent the Letter, I wou'd go and enquire what is become of 'em; the *fragrancy* of their Breath is wanting too, but that may

may be blown away by the Wind, since the Paper pass'd the Region of Thirty Five Miles at least, for so I take it from *Mayfield* to *London*; or at least the Wind turning, drove back their Sighs and Breath to you agen——. Every thing favours the youthful *Lover*; but give my humble Service to the fair Ladies; for as Youth is pleas'd with real Favours, Age is not displeas'd with being handsomly flatter'd. As a farther Token of your Friendship, Sir, pray, kiss these Ladies Hands for me; your Kisses will be felt, tho these I send be invisible—. I have kiss'd it twenty times: Pray, make just payment, for I think I am indebted so many to 'em at least. Sir, I hope this last Commission will make amends for the Errors of this Epistle.

Sir, your most oblig'd

and humble Servant,

E. RAVENSCROFT.

*From a Gentleman in the Country, to
a Lady in the City.*

M A D A M,

I Was as apprehensive of the tediousness of my Journey, as the Effects of my arrival, for the Persecution of my Thoughts; each step, I trod, seem'd like a Journey from the Land of the Living: I am certain, if Any-body had spoke to me, they could not look upon me in my Wits, and perhaps you'll say so too, for degenerating into so unmanly a Condition. At the same time, *Madam*, I'll be judg'd by your Conscience, I won't say your self, (for Womens Modesty, like false Glasses, discommend 'em only for Flattery) whether or no I am not a *Martyr* to a true Cause or not. I may well say I've made a Sacrifice of my Heart to you; for ever since I saw you, *Victims* on their Altars ne'r burnt with greater Heat and Ardor. I am as solitary as the place I reside in: Methinks I could wish we might converse in Thoughts, or that our Souls might meet sometimes in Sighs; but
Thoughts

Thoughts and Sighs are Airy Substances, and barren Food for Womens Souls; such fond *Platonicks* as my self may languish under them in a Burrough, where *Innocence, Rusticity, and Ignorance* agree, but here I waste my time and wishes in vain : My Writing to you, is like my keeping of you Company, in this, that the Hearing from you, and ceasing to write to you, seems equally perplexing, and at the same time equally unavoidable; for the *Idea* I have of you, has so transfix'd my Mind, that even my breath and sighs can scarce forbear to speak the Wishing-flame of,

Madam,

Your most afflicted Sufferer,

DAMON.

Three LOVE-LETTERS.

To Madam.

My Charming TYRANT,

THo' you forbid me to repeat Suns
 Rocks, Mountains, Earth-quakes,
 which are as essential to a Letter of this
 kind, as Gilt-paper; yet you forgot to ex-
 cept against Sighs, Prayers, Vows, Tears,
 and the many other little Reliefs the Un-
 happy fly to; however, I'll now conceal
 the Trouble of my own Breast, rather
 than disturb your Patience: I have found,
 by experience, that neither despair, nor
 any other Perturbation of Mind, can
 kill me, since I have born a Fortnight's
 Absence from you, and am yet alive:
 'Tis true, Life is more supportable this
 Morning, than Yesterday: For, if *Hamlet*,
 had not been murther'd at the Play-house
 last Night, I had been worse than dead
 to Day. Tell me, Dear *Madam*, how
 long must I live on the Plenty of my last
 Night's

Night's Feast ? Must I quickly again be happy, or linger out a tedious Life under your Displeasure ? Let me know my Sentence in one Line ; speak truth, and say, you hate me, because I love you. 'Tis a Pleasure to be out of Pain, and when One's going to be executed, the greatest Cruelty is the greatest Mercy. Once more let me beg a short Letter from you, tho it be to chide me, for troubling you with so long a one as this : I swear, to hear only you were well, I'd give my Eyes ; nor would the loss be considerable, because they are of no manner of use to me in your absence, unless to read those Letters, which, I hope, Heaven will dispose you to write to,

Y O U R S,

To Madam. —

M A D A M,

HOpe is like the Heart ; and as it is the first thing that lives, so 'tis the first thing that dies in us, otherwise I cou'd despair of seeing you any more ; but me thinks 'tis impossible for one to have the Beauty and Brightness of Heaven in her Eyes, without gentle Compassion in her Heart : Reflect upon your Angel's Frame ; Consider, *Madam*, how that Tongue, that was fashion'd by Nature, to pronounce nothing but Blessings to your Adorers, will be mis-employed, when you Curse so much, as to forbid me seeing you. I'm not so vain as to expect any Return to my Passion ; only suffer it, and I am happy ; call it by no less familiar Name, than *Love*. Let it be Adoration, and even that the *Gods* will allow of : They refuse not our Sacrifices, nor are they angry at our *Anthems* : and if they with-hold their Blessings, they plead *Predestination* for their Excuse. Cruel, as
you

you are, I must thank the Weather, or I'd
met you no more ; your Journey was fixt
for this Morning, but Yesterday's Rain
did more than a Flood of Tears, from the
Eyes of,

YOURS

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T.

To Madam. —

Dear MADAM,

NEver cou'd the Author of *Don Quixot* more handsomly ridicule the Mad and Airy Gallantries of Roman-tick *Heroes*, than you did in your last, your most unfortunate humble Servant. Your Letter has had so good effect upon me, that I have not executed my Resolution; tho this *Scribble* will seem to signify, that the Lead has entred my Skull already: Truly, Madam, I have so much occasion for Brains, especially when I write to a Lady of your apprehension, that I can as little part with any, as a Member of ——— would do with his Priviledges; but, it is possible, *Madam*, that a Pistol can do more to your Admirer than the Conclusion of your Letter. You tell me there, I must not hope to see you more; you may from thence imagine, that no other Attempt can be equally fatal to a Man of *Errantry*. I have only the Satisfaction left, to know that I cannot be more Miserable, for he that's drown'd,

drown'd, needs no more fear Rain, than the withered Flowers does the hot Sunshine. Now, Madam, to free you from the pain of Reading any more, (which, I suppose you'll take care to do your self, by not calling for them) I'll only ask leave to tell you, That *Cruelty* becomes the *Nymphs*, as little as an *Effeminacy* does the *Swains*, nor can I study any Revenge half so terrible to you, as your acting against your self, which is, in designing to Marry. I hope before you leap down the Precipice, you'll once more take leave of,

Madam,

Your humble Servant.

I dare not tell you how things go, lest you should laugh at me; but if you will lose your time at the Play, in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, on *Tuesday*, I'll be the Subject of your Diversion.

A LETTER by Mr. M.

To Mr. G. ———

Dear G. ———

THE dull Business of the Day is over, and our *Cushion Cuffer* has given me leisure for a better Employment than hearing him cant over his musty *Morals*; 'tis not the least Grievance, in the Country, to do Penance once a Week, and sit with passive Ears, two live-long Hours, and put such a *Violence* on One's Nature: Heaven be prais'd, in this lukewarm Age, nothing is so easily counterfeited as *Devotion*, otherwise poor *Culprit* would have a hard part to play. 'Twas the Opinion of a sage *Monk*, that the Torment of *Hell* was nothing but an eternal Crowding and Elbowing; but I think it an everlasting Solitude; for, I assure you, I think that the Country is but a State of *Probation* for *Hell*, and an Earnest of *Damnation*: I was revived,
with

with your Letter, from a stupid sort of a *Lethargy*; for any thing that comes from *London*, in my forlorn Circumstances, must needs be a Cordial, like poor *Divis* in *Hell*, viewing the great *Gulph* between and begging some Small-beer of the Beggar in *Abraham's* Bosom; even so your desolate Friend, begs the Favour of a Letter to comfort him in the midst of his Afflictions, who am,

Your Friend and Servant,

M————

LETTERS,

Written by a

PERSON of HONOUR.

To———

From on Board———at St. Hellens.

May 27th, 1694.

Here we are still, Sir, at your Service ; Bragging, and Lying, and Hectoring, and Bouncing of what we are going to do ; but the Proof of the *Pudding* being in the Eating, a Month hence you may expect a truer Account of our Conduct and Courage, than I'll pretend to give you now : However, this is certain, we have Mischief in our Hearts. 'Tis positive, we are going to do or undo something ; here are strong *Symptoms* of War : I have not heard, since I came on Board,

Board, one Sentence (except when the *Chaplain* says *Grace*) without *Blood*, *Plunder*, *Fire*, or *Rape* in't. Yesterday I could not bear it, nor my Lord C—— neither: so we flunk into a little Boat, and made a Descent on the *Isle of Wight*, where I was presently seiz'd, and had like to have di'd of a Disease call'd, *Rapture*: Such *Hills*; such *Vallies*; such *Woods*; such *Plains*; such *Faces*; such *A——s*. Look you, Sir, I'll say no more, but one Expedition under V—— is worth two under M——s; and so I'll tell you what I did three Nights since: Hearing there was a *Cargo* of *French Protestants* newly debarked, about four Leagues off, a certain Lord and your humble Servant, having a mind to inform our Selves of the State of the Enemy, went a-shore, and enquir'd 'em out: We found in a *Cow-house*, full of *Straw*, sixteen Women, nine Children, eight *Lap-dogs*, and a *Tup-cat*, all at Supper together.

We ask't 'em what part of *France* they came from: They all answer'd at once, and every one nam'd a different Place.

We

We ask't 'em what rate Bread was at :
They all answer'd together again, and
every one nam'd a different Price.

With that, he singled out one, and I
another : We prest 'em about half an
hour, with a closer Examination, and,
comparing of Notes, we found, That the
Spirit is sometimes as weak as the *Flesh*;
and that Women, as well as *Priests*, of all
Religions, are the same.

ADIEU.

To Mrs. ———

Better late than never, is an old Proverb, *Madam* ; and, I hope, a true one ; at least I rely so much upon it, that I venture to write to you after six Months Neglect. Not that I think you care much for my Letters neither; don't mistake. But perhaps you may be apt to say, *People need not be so sparing of 'em, unless they were of greater value*; and perhaps you'd say right : but that does not hinder People from being as lazy as ever ; nor from continuing to be so impudent to expect Pardon, without being able to urge one tolerable Excuse : *For what's bred in the Bone, you know, will never out at the Flesh*. So there's another Proverb for you : Half a dozen more would stand me in great stead to make out my Letter : For I know my Lady — gives you an Account of all material Things, Intrigues and new Petticoats. As for *Politicks*, you'd clap them under Minced-pies, and well if they far'd no worse. In short, I know nothing but *Religion* you care a Farthing

Farthing for ; and that's the Town's so bare of at present, I cou'd as soon send you Money. No-body prays but the Court ; and, perhaps, they had as good let it alone ; at least No-body sees, by the Effects, what they pray for ; 'tis thought a general Excise. But Heaven, who knows our Wants better, seems to be of Opinion a General Peace will do as well. They say, The Bully of *France* is leaving all in the Lurch ; for which he has both the Blessings and Curses of many a poor Dog about this Town. For as to matters of Wealth and Plenty, you must know the Impartiality of our Men of Business has been such, they have brought *Williamite* and *Jacobite* to much about the same Pitch. But now we are all going to flourish again : so I hope, we shall see your Ladship in Town against the Peace is proclaim'd, that upon the *Bonfire-night* your Billet may burn too.

I can tell you one thing : You ought to appear in your own Defence ; for the first time I shew'd my self, since I came to Town, upon that Theatre of Truth and Good Nature, the *Chocolate-house*, I was immediately regal'd with the old Story, (tho' from another Hand) That

now

now you were gone for certain. But, that worthy Knigh-Errant, Mr. *W*——, that *Mirroure of Chivalry*, for all wrong'd Ladies, drew his Tongue in your Defence; and I, *Madam*, had the Honour to be his *Sancho Pancho* in your Justification. But how long we shall be able to stand our Ground, I can't tell, unless you'll come and lug out too, and then I don't doubt but we shall make our Party good. Now you must know, *Madam*, *One good turn deserves another*, (there's a Proverb again) I stand as much in need of your Weapon, as you can do of mine. Here's a scoundrel Play come out lately, by which the Author has been pleas'd to bring all the Reverend Ladies of the Town upon his Back, with my Lady——at the Head of 'em, for saying, *An old Bawd was good for nothing*. But that is not all his Misfortune; there's a younger Knot, who having grimac'd themselves into the Faction of Piety, say, 'Tis a wicked Play, and a Blasphemous Play, and a Beastly, Filthy, Bawdy Play; and so never go to it, but in a Mask. Dear Mrs. S——come to Town again quickly, and don't put your Country-tricks upon us any longer, for here's a World of Mischief in your Absence: The *V*—— is

Leaner than ever. I am grown Religious. My Lord *W*—— is going to be Married. Sir *John Fenwick* is going to be Hanged. The *W. L*—— is Boarded by a Sea-Officer: The Lady *Sh*—— is Storm'd by a Land one. *Yel*—— has got a high Intrigue; and the *P*—— has got the Gripes. For God's sake come to Town quickly: You see all's in Disorder; nor are things much better in the Country, as I hear: For, 'tis said, the Spirit of Wedlock haunts Folks in *Shropshire*, and has play'd the Devil with the Flesh. Some-body swore by —— t'other Day, you were Married; to whom, I have forgot, tho' that was sworn too. But, pray, let's see you here again; and don't tell us a Scripture-story, That you have married a Husband, and can't come; the Excuse, you see, was not thought good, even in those Days, when things wou'd pass on Folks that won't now.

My due Respects to the Mayor and Corporation of *S* ——

To the Lord H—

Paris, Octob. 21. 1681.

NOW things mend, my *Lord*; and an *Italian* Abbot makes a good Pimp: His only Fault is, he's damn'd hard of Hearing; a Shout in another Man's Ear, is but a Whisper in his: A vile Quality for a Bawd. However, he's a Person of Business, and one of his *Belles Dames* is a better *Sophister* than you are; for you pretend but to argue *Fornication* no Sin, whilst she proves it a Vertue; and (all L——apart) wou'd ——— for the down right sake of Religion. Her Case is this: She's a Sister of the String, tickles a *Guitar* to a Miracle, and that she gets her Living by. Her Beauty, her Modesty, her Wit, and her Youth, would help her to a better Livelihood, if her Conscience would give her leave to lay about her like the rest of her Sex; but her Inclinations being Upwards, and having a sower Contempt of this vile Earth, she desires to give her

self to her good God, and saunter out her Days in a *Nunnery*: But she wants Five Hundred Pistoles to introduce her; and that she's willing to — for. She computes about a Twelve-month's Run may satisfy any reasonable Gentleman, and that he'll then give her leave to quit that same filthy Business, for a Swing of Spiritual L —

So, if your Lordship knows ever a Knight-Errant, whose Purse is as lavish as his — and will both — for the Relief of Distressed Vertue; pray, tell him this pitiful Story, which is a Truth by J —

The *French* say, You'll be altogether by the Ears about six Weeks hence; and that they are to go over, and take Possession of some Houses and Parks, that belong to *Des Bougres d'Anglois, qui vont à leur ordinaire se soulever contre leur Prince-Naturel*. God send this Invasion, I say, 'twill at least have one good Effect, 'twill Legitimate Adultery here, which I have been seeking Arguments for in vain; for if they enter our Houses, *Lex Talionis*, we whip into their Wives. Rapes

Rapes will be lawful too, by the same Morality. So, pray my Lord, come over ; for here's like to be Work for a better—than mine.

My Lord S——has got a nauseous Mistress here ; a cry'd-up Beauty, a flatteringly Sow, founder'd of both her Feet : In short, I hate her ; and so I do Everybodies, but my own ; and her I like so well, I believe I shall have my Bones broke about her, before I have done ; there being some impertinent People akin to her, who won't let her ——— in quiet.

My Lord, the Soup's upon the Table, you'll excuse me : for there are four tall *Germans* about it, who will swallow it down scalding hot, in less time than an *English*-man can say Grace. May Heaven preserve you still fifty Years more, and kill your Father betwixt this and *Christmas*.

Je suis tout à Vous.

Two Days since my Lord S—— being in appearance at the Door of Death, he repented, as is usual ; but there is now hopes of a Return to his Health, and Relapse to his Vices.

To

To Mr. T——

Rakehelly T——

JUst now, stroling thro' my Pocket-Book, I stumbl'd upon your Name : Mrs. P——'s Name, *Charing-cross*, and the Sign of the *Elephant*, which gave Remembrance such a Bang, I have made a Collection of Pen, Ink and Paper, with a design to be as good as my Word, and write to you. So the Question how I shall write, and the Question whether I shall write or not, are indeed become no Questions at all ; but the Question what I shall write, is a great Question still. The House of Office may perhaps help me. You'll excuse me for a Moment.

I am return'd, and by Providence's help, have done your Business as well as my own. I have found six leaves of a *Dutch* Sermon ; the Title-page I have made use of, the rest I send you inclos'd, I don't understand much of the Language, but I think it gives you an Ac-

count how many Tun of Saints the *Pagans* shipp'd off for the Spiritual *Indies*, when the *Christians* lived in *Holland*: He says the Manufacture now is quite destroy'd, and the Trade is not worth a T—— Now you must know, Parsons in this Country tell Truth in their Sermons; so, as to a lover of Truth and Sermons both, I send you this. The Postage won't cost you above half a Piece; a Dog Penny-worth, I think.

All I have to say, is, That this is a scoundrel Town. The *Dutch* Women here are greasie and fat, the *English* sawcy and ugly. Here's a great deal of Snow, and very bad Fires; cursed Meat, and worse Company: That for our Diversions. As for Business: My Lord W—— is asleep by the Fire-side; Mr. Rus—— is picking his Nose; the P—— is Quilting a Petticoat; her Maids are all at their Prayers; Ju—— is Expounding the *Revelations*; B—— is writing of Libels; the Pr—— is studying, I guess what; and the *English* Embassador is a Fool: Zoons, Sir, I have got the Cramp; OG——! how many damn'd Tricks has Nature to plague Mankind—— I can't
write

write a word more. You'll send me an Answer to this, won't you? Do, prithee do; and don't be long about it now.

If you direct your Letter to me at *Tousfrom Zouterkin's*, in *Cut-street*, 'tis six to four but my Hand and my A---will have it in their turns.

To

*To the Chevalier De Choiseul, at
La Hogue.*

De l' Enfer, ce 18. Avril, 1692.

Mon Cher Chevalier,

SI vostre Voyage a este aussi agreable que vostre bonne Compagnie l'estoit aux pauvres Prisonniers à la Bastille, je m'en rejouiray for : Car, sans Compliment, je m'interesse beaucoup à tout ce qui vous regarde. Et quoy que (la Charite commençant chez soy) je me plaigne de vostre absence, j'ay assez de bon Naturel, pour me rejouir de vostre Liberte.

Pour moy ; je suis, comme j'ay long tems este, (en apparence) sur la veille de sortir : Cependant, la Portè n'est pas encore ouverte.

Le pauvre my Lord a prit les devants ; & il est presentement à Boulogne, ou il attend l'arrivee du General Hamilton. Ainsi voila la Bastille plus triste que jamais.

mais. Le Marquis pourtant continue a nous divertir, & à nous incommoder : Le voicy, Mort Die, qui entre avec toute sa fuitte. Que le Diable les emporte tous ensemble. Ils font tant de bruit, qui'il est impossible d'ecrire davantage. Ainsi Adieu, jusqu'à tantost —————

Il y a deux heures que j'ay este obligé de quitter ma Lettre, & depuis ce temps la, j'ay este entretenu, comme quoy, c'est une chose qui choque l'honneur de la France, qu'un Fils d'un Duc & Pair, de la Noble Race de Crusoie, descendu des anciens Comtes de Tholouse, soit detenu Prisonnier à la Bastille, pendant que la Nation a besoin de ses plus grands Capitaines, pour repousser une foule d'Ennemis qui l'attaquent. Mais, Monsieur, (luy repondi-je) les choses ne sont pas encore à l'extremite ; la France n'est pas encore perdue. Quand le Roy la verra en danger, ce sera alors qu'il se servira de ses dernieres ressources ; & se fera alors qu'il vous sortira glorieusement de la Bastille, pour vous placer à la teste de ses Armees. Si vous estiez deja dehors, il scait que vous vous exposeriez trop, vostre valeur luy est connue ; c'est pour l'amour
de

de vous, & de luy mesme, qu'il veut vous conserver; c'est pour vous conserver qu'il vous a donné en charge à Monsieur de Besmeaux.

F——tre de Besmeaux, (dit-il) F——tre de la Bastille, F——tre de Sodome, & F——tre de Gommone; je suis Fils d'un Duc & Pair, moy.

Monsieur (luy dis-je) vostre Illustre Naissance est desja connue à tout le monde; un peu de Patience feroit aussi eclater vostre Vertu.

Je me F—— de la Vertu——

Mais, Monsieur, un peu de Moderation——

Point: Je veux fortir, moy—— Je veux me signaler——

Mais ecoutez, Marquis. Si vous sortiez, & que Monsieur de Besmeaux——

F——tre des Besmeaux, je vous dis—— Je me mocque de luy, qu'il laisse les Gens en repos, s'il le veut; ou je luy F——tray vingt coups de Pied dans le Ventre, & autant de coups de Poing sur le Nez; & flingue & flaque, & l'Abere, & Garanet,

net, & encore cent milles F——tus Gascoignes, Mort Die, je les feray tous trembler.

Monfieur le Marquis, (luy dis-je) je fuis voftre tres humble Serviteur ; mais comme je n'ay point de Cuiraffe, je ne veux plus demeurer feul avec vous. O (dit-il) vous ne risquez rien.

Pardonnez moy (repartis-je) on risque beaucoup, quand le Sang des Crufoles est bouillant. Adieu.

Je descendis donc, & il evacua ma Chambre : & à mon Retour, pour achever ma Lettre, j'ay bien barricade ma Porte.

Comme tout le monde icy, pretend que vous allez droit en Angleterre, pour Retablir le Roy Jacques, bon gre, mal gre. Et que je confidere, que dans les Expeditions de Mars, Venus ne manque jamais de fe mettre de la Partie : Je vous prie d'avoir foin, que fi mes Sœurs doivent eftre baifees, du moins elles puiffent avoir la Confolation d'eftre bien baifees. Il y en a à choisir ; mais la troisieme, en
etant

etant la plus Belle, je vous la recommande pour vostre propre Bouche. Si vous la trouvez Vierge (car je ne repons de rien) allez doucement ne faites point trop de fracas ; de peur de faire pleurer la pauvre Fille. Mais quand vous aurez pris le Fort, je vous supplie de n'y pas laisser Garnison.

Pour nos Eglises: Remettez-y tout ce qu'il vous plaira, hors le Pouvoir Despotique du Prestre ; car je ne desire pas d'aller au Ciel la Fourche au Cul.

Dans la Police, faites moy la grace de pendre tous les Procureurs : mais traitez avec beaucoup the Respect un certain Avocat, qui s'appelle *Habeas Corpus*. C'est un veritable honneste Homme : mal gre sa Robe longue, vous pouvez vous souvenir que nous avons quelque fois beu à sa Sante. En verite il le merite bien : c'est un Amy à tout le monde, & qui en mesme temps ne flatte personne : il est vray qu'il va souvent à la Court, mais il n'est pas du tout Courtizan. Il faut que vous sachiez qu'il a des manieres qui ne s'accomodent pas tout à fait avec ses Messieurs la : ils luy donnent de bonnes paroles,

roles, mais ils ne l'aiment pas trop. Que cela ne vous empêche pas de luy faire la Reverence : Tost ou tard, vous en pourrez avoir besoin. Je vous prie de luy faire bien mes Compliments, & de luy assurer que je me souviens fort souvent de luy.

Au reste : Crevez moy toutes les Vieilles, qui refusent d'estre Maquerelles ; car il n'est pas pour le bien publicq, que des choses inutiles, mangeassent le Pain de l'Etat.

Etoufez tous les petits Chiens de Village, & les Enfans qui crient ; car tout ce qui fait du bruit me desole.

Enfin, si vous rencontrez (ce que je ne crois pas) un Fils d'un Duc & Pair, pareil au Marquis, envoyez le a la Tour, pour le repos de sa Famille.

Et voila, mon cher Compatriot de malheur, toutes les Commissions que j'ay a vous donner. Si je vous voy a Paris, d'icy en six Mois, vous me rendrez Compte comment vous les aurez executez. Si c'est bien, je vous en loueray fort :

fort : si c'est mal, je vous pardonneray volontiers. Car je suis (sans Compliment) tout a fait de vos Amis, & fort vostre Serviteur.

To Mr. ———

HARRY,

I'M afraid thou'rt turn'd a meer *Adamite*, that is, hast forfeited thy Health and Happiness to purchase more knowledge, or else thou art plaguily belyed. Oh! that Pleasure, *Harry*, is a Hellish Pleasure. How sweet in the Enjoyment, and how fower in the event! Well, I suppose thou'rt thoroughly convinc'd, there's no such thing as Heaven upon Earth, as a great many vain Fellows imagine; since our Pleasures are not only bounded in one particular thing; but the greatest variety of Enjoyments finish in the uneasie Desire of their Continuance, or the more torturing Experience of its Impossibility; or at least, their Punishment by a prodigious Fluxing. The most permanent of all our Habits is that part of 'em which are vicious; or that which we are taught to believe so. A good Thought is as easily spoil'd in Devotion, as 'tis in Study. The obscenest B—

in one Moment will ruine the strongest Efforts of a pious Preparation. Oh! this Nature of ours, tho it be the most prevailing *Rhetorick*, is yet a Compound of Extreame: the minute that gives Birth to the most endear'd of our Entertainments, gives such an assurance of their Conclusion, that palls them in the possession: Our Entertainment is very often uneasy to us, from the Care we take to be Regular; and we are seldom guilty of so great *Solecism*, as when we endeavour to avoid all for *Silence*, which is a peculiar remedy against 'em, is at the same time the greatest *Solecism* in Conversation. Why, this moment I was thinking to treat you as one of my Familiars; and in my very design of being so, my Deficiency has carried me to a quite opposite Matter, and I am unawares an unskilful Moralist, or an unbiting *Satyr*. I hope you will pardon my Impertinence, and accept this small Epistle from him, who is your affectionate.

Humble Servant.

To Mrs. —

M A D A M,

I Cou'd no more hope to see you (considering the time of your Letter's coming to my hands) than I could have any Peace without it. Not all the Objects in the World could divert my Melancholy, but your Letter, which had done it effectually, but that it gave me the sensible Mortification of despairing to find you. Lord, Madam, how insensible of Passion are you, to see and reject such evidence of my Love? I am sorry you give me so great a shew of your Levity, and so much Apprehension of my ill Fortune. If my Condition be not answerable to your Beauty, this I can tell, my Passion is the most exalted in Nature. I wish Nature would afford me some signal Method to convince you of it, that I might at least hope a reciprocal one from you. In my own Brain, I feel both all the Pain and Love, which *Poets* feign *Romantick Heroes* to have done;

and am scarce less mad to let you know,
how much I wou'd be thought to be
your Humble Servant.

DAMON.

To

To Sir John—

*In Imitation of a Letter in the Histoires
Facetieuses, p. 78.*

Dear KNIGHT,

THis comes to inform you, that I am
in the Land of the Living ; and
that's all. But as for the Pleasures of
this Transitory World, (which the *Hypocrites*
that use them, and the *Rakebells*
that are past them, call *Vanities*) I am
no more the better for them, than a *Lap-
lander* is for the Sun of *Italy* ; or, to come
nearer Home, than *Grocer's-Hall* is for
the Wealth of the Bank at *Amsterdam*. A
Curse on that unlucky Night, when you
and I got so drunk at the *Blue-Posts* to-
gether : for'do but observe what were
the Effects on't. Drunkenness, Sir John,
drew Fornication after it ; and these
two Sins in wicked Conjunction begot a
most un dutiful Child, the Lord knows,
between'em, who before he was a Fort-
night old, depos'd both his Father and

Mother. Thus being disabled from Whoring, and out of respect to my own Carcase not daring to drink, I am grown as grave, and as contemplative, and as virtuous a Person, as you could desire to stick your Knife in. Like the rest of the World too, when they turn *Saints*, I find the Devil and all of *Ill Nature* has come upon me with my *Virtue*. I am as *splentick* and *peevish* as a poor Dog of an *Author* that has been bilked in a *Dedication*. Neither Man, Woman, nor Child can escape my *Censures*. I roar against Sin, louder than a Fellow that is paid to do it in *Publick*, tho at the same time wishes it no mischief in his Heart. I rail at Every-body, whether I know them or no; and in some of my moody fits don't care a Farthing if half the Men in the Kingdom were hang'd, and all the Women sent pick-a-pack to Old Cloven-foot.

Once more, a Curse on that unlucky Night, when this Disaster befel me. Dear Sir *John*, for Heavens sake, help me to pelt it with some *Vigorous*, some *Emphatical*, some *Gigantick* Curses. May it hereafter know no Mirth nor Pleasure,
not

not even that of *Lamblacking* Signs and rubbing out of *Milk-scores*; no Balls nor Serenades; no Jollity of Drukards, nor Enjoyment of Lovers. May it hear of nothing but Execrations of Lofing Gamesters, Fires, Burglaries, and slaughtered Watchmen. *Magistrates* of the Night surrendering up their pious Souls in *Kennels*, and the *Withered Bullies* that did it, dying and blaspheming by their side. *Murders* hideous enough to fright an *Italian*, and unnatural *Rapes*, that would make even a *Pamper'd Cardinal* tremble. But Pox on't, I don't curse worth a straw. One *Scotch Pedlar* heartily warm'd wou'd out-do half a dozen such puny Fellows as I am. Therefore, dear Sir *John*, come to my Assistance, and help me out at a pinch. Curse that unlucky *Night*, or curse the *Wine*, or curse the *Master*; 'tis all one in the *Original Hebrew*, so you do but curse. But especially pour a double Vial of your wrathful Spirit upon the Discourteous Damfel that brought me to this. May Providence everlastingly toss her from the *Chirurgeons's* Hands to the *Bayliff's*, and so back again in *Sæcula Sæculorum*: Or may her Ill Fate force her in her Old

Age to Scotland, where may the *Kirk* condemn her to be roasted alive for a *Sorceress*; and may she be as long a burning, as the Universe will be at the *Conflagration*.

T. BROWN.

To.

To Mrs. —

Dear MADAM,

NEver any Mortal laboured under such a Perplexity of Fortune, or Variety of Confusions: I should certainly put a period to this Being of mine, but that I am still willing to submit to you the Triumph: As you have had it so indisputably over my Heart, even so take it over my Life, since it offends you, and affords me no Comfort. How can you imagine, that one bereft of his Soul, can survive its Absence? No more can you the possibility of mine, and at the same time be convinc'd of the Reality of my Passion. These twelve Months at least have I been endeavouring to cast off my Chains, and to quit a Cause which I cou'd no more hope to triumph in, than I had to be happy without it: but find as impossible as to abandon my Breath, and retain my Vital Motion. I conjure you *Madam*, by all the Ties of Nature, pity me, and the mischievous Circumstances of my ill Fortune, that has plac'd me in a Sphere,

Sphere, which can no more entitle me to your esteem, than encourage my Presumption. But pardon me, *Madam*, if I wish *Fortune* had been less benevolent to you, that I might have given you a more ample evidence of my Passion, and my self a greater Prospect of Success; and believe assuredly, 'twou'd be the greatest Inhumanity in the World in ceasing to kill, or ceasing to make me the happiest of your Humble Servants.

Adieu.

To a Gentleman in Cambridge.

Honest S A M,

Since you are so stout, I'll be so too, and pick your Pocket of two Pence; a thing I hope excusable in a Friend. But perhaps you'll say, some people have a plaguy deal of Impudence, to call themselves so, since you give 'em no encouragement by your Letters; but, at the same time, that does not suppress this Imprudence : For *what's bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh* ; and so there's a Proverb for you. Why, I'll promise thee, Sam, I wish thoud'st pick my Pocket after such a friendly manner. But, I see, absent Acquaintance are as little thought of, as past Iniquities ; and the Devil of Forgetfulness reigns as much in *Cambridge-shire*, as that of Poverty does in *London*. However, I heartily wish thee void of both ; for these Devils are bloody things to be dispossest'd, when they have once got a footing : As an instance of which, there's a good honest Follow has sent his Wife to the other World under
the

the same Predicament. Your Brother and I are consulting now to make you Penniless; for we are plaguily afraid, that you eat so much of the *Divine Banquet*, that you can afford none of your absent Friends so much as a Refreshment: And so, Honest Sam, good Night to thee.

To

To T — W — Esq;

May the 19th. 93.

S I R,

TIs strange, that what e're Noddle akes;
Some Friend or other still partakes;
Whoever wrote, have always sought
Some one for Gossip to their Thought.
I, after hunting long in vain,
To vent th' Incumbrance of my Brain,
(Like spurious Race of humble Whore)
Resolve to lay it at your Dore.
And just as other Writers use,
Shall plead Prescription for Excuse:
For Custom that does still dispense
With Universal Influence,
And makes things right or wrong appear,
Just as they do her Liv'ry wear;
Can justifie Impertinence,
And stamp it into Sterling Sence.
I therefore care not what I write,
For tho' I Scribble, You Endite;
I treat you at Your own Expence,
And furnish words, but You the Sence.

And

*And therefore fear not to miscarry;
Since I am but Your Secretary :
For as our Eyes but passive are,
(As learned Philosophers aver)
And only convey to the Mind,
Idea's, which first there we find ;
Yet are themselves but Helps to see,
As other Optick-Glasses be,
So in these Lines, what ever's meant,
I only am Your Instrument ;
And nothing have at my command,
But the meer Motion of my Hand :
For all the Sence, You must expect,
Springs from Your proper Intellect.
The learned'st Book that e're was wrot,
To him that understands it not,
No other prospect e're affords,
Then a meer Anarchy of Words :
For Books (like all things else) are good
Or bad, but as they are understood ;
And when Men quote 'em, they mistake,
They did not find it so, but make :
So whatsoe're from them we smatter,
Is but the Sense of Commentator :
For Words indeed, altho' sown thick
Like Cyphers in Arithmetick,
When all cast up, to nothing come,
The Figure only makes the Sum :*

So Readers must to Books supply,
What feeble Characters deny.
And hence it is that all things sound,
Just as their Fancies do expound;
And if they take 'em in a wrong sence,
All Authors have been serv'd so long since.
Did they not make old Homer prate
Of Boots and Shooes, and God knows what?
Made him hold-forth on Philosophy,
And Vertuous of Sage, Tea and Coffee;
And Jests too up and down to scatter,
Where he thought nothing of the matter?
Made they not Virgil strange things write,
And prophesie by After-light;
Fore-tell the Means of our Salvation,
And all this by their Inspiration?
Make they not him Mens fortunes tell,
Of which he ne're thought Syllable;
Pronounce the Fate of Men in Battle,
And of Invaders of strange Cattle;
Detect by Whole-sale in his Verse,
Thieves, Pick-pockets and Conjurers;
And surer tell who drives that Game on,
Than P——dge, G——ry, or S——on?
Mean time, perhaps, there's but one Leaf,
Betwixt the Justice and the Thief?
His Worship wou'd a little later,
Have found it quite another matter,

And

And had been, to his sole jeopardy;
 Suspended for meer being tardy;
 Or acted at the Rump of Cart,
 With Spartian Patience his part.
 Make they not Horace a stark Ass,
 Reduc'd to Du——Ballad Class,
 Strip him of all that's gay and Witty,
 To fit him up to doleful Ditty?
 Tagg'd forth with miserable Rhimes,
 From Bulks, and in the Streets he chimes,
 With Rosamond now Lydia vies,
 And fills the Milk-maids maudlin Eyes;
 While Hopkins is forgot and Sternhold,
 So often chanted forth in Barn old.
 Was not Sage Terence at adventure,
 By Oily Shadwell turn'd to banter?
 And taught, for duller Sence of 's own?
 The brisk gay Nonsense of the Town?
 And his insipid Tale improv'd,
 By what the Town and Sh——ll lov'd?
 Sh——ll, whose whole stock is, a Bully,
 A Wench, a Usurer, a Cully.
 From whence, with little pains, straightway;
 Or Wit, he oft does launch a Play:
 As Cits, with Blue, secure from staining,
 A Heroe fit on days of Training.
 I need not tell of late Projectors,
 That Stories tell of Witches, Spectres;
 Hold

Hold forth, with learned Theory,
On the Proboscis of a Flea,
Pursue with Microscope, the Tract
Of List upon a Grey-louse Back;
Philosophize upon Salt-waters,
And other much surprizing Matters.
Those Pedlars in all sorts of Wares,
That Haberdash in Love-Affairs,
Mechanicks, Metre, Politicks,
And forty other modish Tricks,
As Tumbling, Jugling, Vaulting, Dancing,
Intriguing, Ridling, and Romancing,
That do with Pamphlets Epidemick,
Laden with Billingsgate Polemicks,
Confound the Jacobites and Quakers,
With their Adherents, and Partakers,
To th' ruin of their Grace, and quite
Extinguishing their inward Light;
That fill Men for a Dish of Coffee,
With Politicks and Philosophy;
And for a single Penny can
Instruct at once a whole Divan
Of Coblers, Chimney-sweepers, Car-men,
And the whole Tribe of Two-legg'd Vermin.
Nor need I mention foreign Journal,
Translated to Gallants Diurnal,
Where Verses given, and stolen Prose,
A motly Rhapsody compose,
M m To

To teach poor Prentice, sadly panting,
More modern Methods of Gallanting;
And Sempstrefs, the most recent Arts,
Of captivating stragling Hearts,
And exercise the Wit of Youth,
On Snails, Tobacco-pipes and Truth.
Nor him that late in sparkish Prose,
Appear'd to edifie the Beaus,
Who, with soft Lines, and softer Looks,
Expertly baits his Amorous Hooks,
And brings with Elegant Epistle,
Each melting Damsel to his Whistle,
And makes her stoop to him as sure
As hungry Hawk does to his Lure;
Who lately drew, in Vindication,
Of all the Beauties in the Nation,
And boldly tilted with his Pen,
'Gainst all that durst oppose him then;
Which some Apology mis-call, some Satyr,
Both equi-distant from the Matter;
For surely no Design was in't,
But barely to appear in Print.
Which he as kindly since has done,
Gallants, for your Instruction;
Where the Grand Secrets he imparts,
For battering Obdurate Hearts;
How you to Vizard-mask, or Coach,
May make a Regular Approach:

He

He shews you how you shall prevail
With Lines as fenceless as a Flail;
For Letters Missive, Weapons are,
Which Lovers combat with from far;
Shews how to take 'em by Surprise,
Or use the Artillery of Eyes:
But if Necessity oblige
To Methods of a closer Siege,
He shews such Means as might improve
The greatest Engineer in Love;
To bribe the Sentinel, her Maid,
Or storm her with a Serenade:
And if by these she be not won,
Bombard with Sonnet, or Lampoon;
If these Attempts she still defies,
To blow her up with Mines of Sighs;
For Sighs indeed, altho' no powder,
Are the Discharge of Love's White-pow-
And therefore 'tis they seldom fail, [der;
To blow up Petticoats full well:
But if so fortify'd she prove,
To baffle all the Assaults of Love;
And, on strict Scrutiny, you are
Oblig'd in Honour to despair;
He's deepest read in all those Laws,
That relate nearest to your Cause;
Can tell you whether, soon as known,
'Twere properer to Hang or Drown;

Instruct you too what Streams or Boughs,
 It were convenient you shou'd chuse,
 What Art is requisite, what Care
 To plunge, or swing with moving Air;
 What Rules are order'd by Romance,
 And which are A la mode de France:
 For these things must be nicely done,
 Or else the Glory of 'em's gone;
 By one Mistake more Honour's lost,
 Than being beaten from your Post.

I pass by S——tle, D——rs, A———es,
 For Doggrel celebrated Names;
 With Authors of substantial Prose,
 That dress like Wits, and write like Beaux.

But, to return to Application,
 That is, to Self-justification;
 From citing Verse-wrights of great Name,
 That oft fill every Mouth of Fame,
 Render'd by her so necessary,
 To Grocer, Cook, Apothecary:
 In doing which, my sole Intent,
 Was meerly to shew Precedent,
 And prove, that fine things may be writ,
 With very little, or no Wit,
 For Wit (some Authors do maintain)
 Is but a Fungus of the Brain,
 The Off-spring of superfluous Thought,
 By too luxuriant Fancy wrought:

*A hasty and abortive Birth,
Like that of over-teeming Earth,
Which doth to thousand Figures vary,
And therefore not held salutary;
And tho' for wanton Palates drest,
Counted uneasy to digest;
And then too, must be taken young,
Before its Venom grow too strong:
So Wit's anomalous and rude,
Of ill digestion, and crude,
Till after needful Preparation,
With wholesome Picle of Discretion;
And, where it is of constant use,
Does Surfeits in the Mind produce;
Breeds strange Diseases in the Purse,
And is its own Admirers Curse:
They therefore Pardon surely merit,
Who in their Writings do forbear it;
And rather chuse to feed in quiet,
On homelier, but more wholesome Diet;
From whence, if peccant Vapours breed,
Or turgid Flatulence proceed,
The only Symptoms they produce
And Danger's, but a Crepitus;
Which (as we do in Authors read)
Springs from the Bowels, not the Head;
And, tho' received with publick scorn,
Expires as soon as it is born:*

*So Writings, which no Sence affords,
Are but a Crepitus of Words;
And, tho' with windy Lines they swell ye,
Rise from a Vacuum in the Belly;
In which no Meaning's to be found,
Or any Scope, beside the Sound.*

*But, Sir, I have almost forgot,
What I intended to have wrote,
And my first Subject worse neglect,
Than modern Pulpiteer his Text,
Who take the freedom to digress,
And vary Subjects as they please;
While with Rhetorical Harangue,
And Voice tun'd to Religious Twang,
He treats all those that come to hear it,
With choicest Gifts of purest Spirit:
Where Pious Folks convene, drawn thither
By th'help of stiff erected Leather;
With Dresses, Faces, Mien and Air,
Screw'd up to Piety and Pray'r;
Where Holy Man in all he saith,
Lays Salt of Grace on Tails of Faith;
Where Saints are sous'd in Gospel-pickle,
By Moderns styl'd, A Conventicle.*

LETTERS

O F

LOVE *and* GALLANTRY.

To Eugenia:

MADAM,

THOU' it be not a full Week since I received the Honour of my dear *Eugenia's* Letter, yet it has been long enough for me to wish a thousand times I were Left-handed ; since, by an unlucky *Sprain* in my Right-hand, I've been forced to omit the Duty these three Posts. My Building is near finish'd ; and when it is so, I hope my dear *Eugenia* will be so kind to her constant *Slave*, to furnish my new House with an *Engaging* new Mistress ; if not for my sake, at least for her own ; since I vow I shall

Mm 4

come

come into ——— with a most fierce Design on *Love* and *Matrimony*: And *Love*, you know, is a Spirit, that when once a Woman has conjur'd up, she must find it some Employment, or else 'twill tear the Charming Sorceress her self to pieces. Therefore, fair Widow, beware!

If my Hand were not still in great Pain, I'd give you a thousand Thanks for your dear Letter; and, perhaps, pick as many Quarrels with you about it: But Heaven forgive you your want of Charity, when you think I could write the same things to my Grand-mother, I do to *Eugenia*; when my Conscience can't reproach me with thinking the youngest of your Sex charming enough to extort one of this kind from me, excepting your self. Nor is it, *Madam*, the easiest thing in the World to feign a Passion, say things of that Force and Tenderness, or act an absent *Lover* for so many Years together, as I have been *Eugenia's* Votary. I'm sure the whole *Legend* of *Love* can't furnish you with one Example of so constant an *Hypocrite*, as I have been, if I must needs be so. Therefore,
if

if I can't convince you of my Sincerity, and by that plead a Merit to your *Love*; yet let the Novelty of the thing, at least, move your Pity, when you think what Pains I've taken (since all that comes not Naturally is so) to say so many kind, tender, and passionate things of one I have no concern for. Think whether it be not almost equally difficult to write passionately to one I am not really in love with, and to paint a Sound. Who can act Hunger without an Appetite? Or long Scene of Fury and Anger, without being perfectly heated.

But if you are so severe, to think that my first Pretences were all Fiction; yet, *Madam*, pray, consider that Liars often tell Stories of their own Invention so long, till at last they themselves believe 'em true: And, as the *Roman* in *Martial* counterfeited the *Gout*, till he had it in earnest; so, supposing my Vows at first but feign'd, they must by this time be ripened into *Truth* by your Influence, (like the *Dew drops* of *Heaven* into *Precious Stones* by the heat of the *Eastern Sun*) and so become Sacred, as all things addressed to you must be, *Madam*.

But

But if I lov'd not *Eugenia* with the greatest and most sincere Passion that ever Man lov'd a Woman, I know not what Reason, what Interest, or what Design I could have to pretend it, since I am not so vain to expect any other Benefit of it than her Laughter, and in that my Trouble. However, *Madam*, I have this Satisfaction in my own Mind, that I love the best and finest of her Sex, (tho' a Mother) who, like a Taper, has not suffer'd the least Diminution of her own Lustre, by the lighting others into the World; but still preserves her Original Light so firmly, as to enslave all that behold her, as well as, *Madam*,

Your Eternal Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,

NO desperate Wretch, guilty of the most execrable Murders, had ever that Trouble, that Agony of Mind, that I have endured since the Receipt of Your last; in which you discovered so severe and cruel a Resentment of a Crime I was not guilty of. If I have ever offended You, I ask Your Ladiship ten thousand, thousand Pardons. Ah! *Madam*, if my *Love* were not as lasting as my *Life*, and so were as inseparable as *Soul* and *Body*: Nay, were there any Prospect, any Possibility of my ever loving You less, I should not need to be thus troublesome to Your Ladiship, to beg You not to use the Extent of Your Power over me, to punish me for a Crime I was never guilty of: Yet, whether I'm guilty or not, so much, so extravagantly I love You, that if You yet convict me, I shall stand condemned even in my own Opinion. Nay, if You, *Madam*, will positively accuse me of all the Ills in the World, I'll own 'em; for it shall

shall never be said, That for the sake of my own Happiness, Interest, or Honour, I ever contradicted the Assertion of her I profess'd the greatest and most generous Passion for, that ever unhappy Man experienc'd. But, *Madam*, had I been guilty of any little Error, consider it as coming from a Man almost distracted :
—— *Distracted, Madam*, for the Love of you ; for I'm sure I appear so to all that visit me ; yet, tho' most guess the Cause, the Person is only known to the wounded Heart of,

Madam,

Your Constant Slave,

LYSANDER.

Ah ! *Madam*, don't use a Passion so tender as mine with so much Tyranny, since the Power you have is but what I give ; and it is not generous enough for *Eugenia* to turn against its Original, tho' he's incapable of with-holding it.

By the same.

M A D A M,

HOW can the Unfortunate *Lysander* ever hope for his Divine *Eugenia's* Pardon, thus daily to torment her with his Impertinence, if she were not the best, and most generous Woman living. As for the Character of a *Beau*, which you're pleas'd to honour me with, I pretty well guess whence you had it; a very honest good-humour'd Lady as lives, I mean Mrs. S——, who Din'd with me once at my Lodging, where Night nor Day you were not forgot. I need not tell you, that Mrs. S—— is as good a Woman as lives, since all that you recommend must be so. Whenever she minds to oblige me most, and render her House most agreeable, she tells me, many think her like *Eugenia*: But cou'd she make me believe so too, she had done her Business: For (as I told her) that was the way to make her House my Prison; for had *Eugenia* been Mistress of it, I cou'd with Pleasure have been confin'd to it for ever. If you would do an Act of *Charity*, (as Widows, you know, are

are good for nothing else) you would come up to Town, and help marry me to some old rich Woman, that would be sure to die quickly, in order to the marrying a young one; at least, you wou'd speak a good Word for me to my Lady--, whom if ever I was to marry, my Lord D— should give her, as you should me.

I hope, fair Widow, after this long Silence, your Pen will venture on some other Subject besides Business. If your Letters were sometimes dash'd with *Love*, &c. 'twere but a Venial Sin, and what I weekly pardon to some young Women in the *Mal*, of your Acquaintance; from whom, by my Soul, I've as good Letters, as those celebrated Nuns Letters. My two Mistresses *Valeria* and *Belinda*, I serve under the Name of *Polydorus*; but would be ten times more proud and happy to serve your Ladiship under any Title or Name, whereby I might merit the Character so long since engraven in the Heart of,

Madam,

Your humble Slave,

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,

THis Day's Post made me the happiest Man living, in receiving the Honour of a most obliging Letter from my dear *Eugenia*, who can never do any thing that is otherwise: However, did I not know your Modesty was so extream, as to look on the smallest *Encomiums* as Flatteries, tho' your real Merit keeps the greatest from being so: I confess it would be a real trouble to me, that one, whom I so cordially honour, should mis-interpret the unfeign'd Dictates of my Soul, for Compliments. A Devotion, so justly grounded on Merit, can never be judg'd counterfeit; for the Glory of the Sun, and the Benefits Mankind reap'd from his Beams, were allow'd as sufficient Arguments, to justify the *Persians* Adoration of him. Your generous Invitation of me into ——— is so much to my own Advantage, that a dying Man, when he knows there are but two ways to go, wou'd sooner refuse

fuse an Invitation to Heaven. I beg you, *Madam*, make an Experiment of your Dominion over me, in imposing some Commands, that you judge the most Rigorous, and that may appear as Difficult, as this is pleasing. I wou'd fain see how Ill-natur'd you can be, as well as give a Proof of my Pride, in obeying you. As for *London*, every thing that is worth a Visit there, will be gone the very Minute you leave it: And therefore, till your Return, I declare for an Abdication of it, and will here, like another *Timon* of *Athens*, live retir'd, and in hatred of all Mankind, for your Sexes sake.

But now, Fair Widow, you must give me my Revenge, and let me give you Advice, in Return of what I have receiv'd from you, tho' mine, I promise you, shall be more conscionable than yours was: For you advise me to marry an Old Woman (bless'd, for ought I know, with a stinking Breath, Rheumatisms, Coughs, Catarrhs, false Teeth, and the other damn'd Accomplishments, which may entitle her to the honourable Appellation of *Venerable*:) But I am,
Madam,

Madam, better natur'd in my choice for your Ladiship, and recommend to you a young Man that prefers the Widow to the Jointure, and leaves all but the Treasure of her Heart to others; one who wou'd be confin'd to a Defart (if to be in Heaven can be a Confinement) with her, where the perpetual Business of his Life shou'd be Immortal *Love*; and I swear, he that would not do all this, and ten thousands times more, is not worthy of her. Such a one, *Madam*, I chuse for you, and if that will not please, forbear Wedlock for ever, as I will do, rather than take up with that reverend piece of Antiquity you mention. In the mean time, the only Alms I beg, is, your Pity and Pardon for,

Madam,

Your most sincere, oblig'd

humble Slave,

LYSANDER.

By the same:

MADAM,

TO express the real Sense I have of all the Noble Favours conferr'd on me at your House, during the long Persecution I gave you there, were as impossible as to give your Ladship a full and perfect Character of the Pangs and Tortures of Mind I have been under ever since my departure from the Divine *Eugenia*, whose *Idea* perpetually swims before my Sight in all Companies and Places. *Madam*, I am sensible, I have ten thousand Pardons to ask for the Extravagance of my Passion in the Presence of the Divine *Eugenia*: But I can appeal to Heaven and my own Conscience, that never any Prophane Thought enter'd my Breast, reflecting on the Divinity I with so unfeign'd a Zeal adore, since no Man living has that Sacred Opinion of the exalted Honour, Vertue, Wit and Beauty of any Woman, that I have of my too Dear and Destructive *Eugenia*.
Your

Your Caution, *Madam*, of the *Bath*, might have been necessary to one that lov'd less than I do; the variety of Company that Place now affords, with its other diverting Amusements, might have some influence over an *Amorous Friend*, or *Common Lover*: But as my Passion is proportionable to the Object, so nothing on Earth is Diversion or Pleasure to me, but the Thoughts of Her I love. I can be alone even in a Crowd, and therefore make it my endeavour *to avoid so troublesome a solitude*. Good G O D, *Madam*! What is there I can do to shew how miserable I am for your sake? 'Tis true, *Madam*, my Misery derives it self partly from my Unworthiness; But ah! more! much more, from your not knowing what it is to love: For who can have a real Sense of another's Pain, but they who have felt the same? How can the Unfortunate *Lysander* ever hope for one kind Thought from his Ador'd *Eugenia*, while her Heart's not touch'd with his Sufferings, nay, fortify'd against Compassion, by her being surrounded by none but his Enemies? Some may think it a *Reflection on their Friends*, to be refus'd, if you shou'd honour any other with your Favour, but

them: And others think it impossible, that a Passion for Eugenia shou'd last an Age, since they never had Merit enough to procure an Hour's Love for Themselves. Thus Madam, between the Vanity of the Old, and the Ignorance, Envy, and impotent Charms of the young, I may well expect to be sacrific'd; but, however, I shall have the satisfaction of being distinguish'd from the rest of your Adorers, by being at least your Martyr,

LYSANDER.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lysander, Madam, can never banish nor lessen that Passion you mention for Eugenia, yet my Esteem of Friendship is so great, that I could present you with a Pillow of Love, to repose your charming Head on, it should be stuff'd with Friendship; if with a Landskip of Love, the Shadows should be Friendship; if with an Embroidery, the Ground shou'd be Friendship; tho' in the Gardens of Venus, I can never allow Friendship to be

be more than a *Winter-fruit*, which, when the Delicacies of the *Summer* is over, may be comfortable enough to the Reverend Old Couple, sitting by a Fire-side, in a long *Winter's Night*, ev'n as good as roasted Apples.

LYSANDER to EUGENIA,
whom he had desired to write Letters enough to him to make him a Shroud.

Dear M A D A M,

THIS Day was I Blest with a Letter from *Eugenia*, which comes far short of finishing my Shroud; a Ream, at least, will modestly suffice to keep even Death from blushing at himself; and then, for Warmth, another Ream, I'm sure, you'll not deny, when cold *Lysander* begs

That Heat and Flame which now your Beauty gives.

Can then alone be by your Wit supply'd.

*Entomb'd in Amber, Bees may boast their turn;
 And wrapt in Flames, let pious Martyrs burn;*

Stretch'd in your Letter, Death will be my Triumph.

Em-

Embalmd in Sense, who would not wish to die?

And Sense that comes from so Divine a Hand?

*Egyptian Mummies perish and decay ;
But Shrouds, like mine, will Time it self
out-live,*

Wear out his Scythe, and every fleeting Sand.

One Dram of Body cannot here be lost :

But, like a Summer-sute, laid safely by ;

When Spring appears, are fit to wear again.

So true a Resurrection will be rare ;

The self-same Body, with the self-same Soul.

*Who then can doubt but the same Passions
too?*

*The same my Love, the same my Mistress
Y O U.*

*Madam, tho' I design'd these Thoughts
in down-right Prose, yet in the Ardor of
writing they run into Blank Verse, whe-
ther I would or no. I hope your Lady-
ship receiv'd my last Godly Letter, by
which, you may perceive, I can be
Devilishly Devout upon Occasion. The
Truth on't is, I have often wondred,
Why all the Young Fellows of the Town set
up for Atheism, since they can be so much
more conveniently leud under the Masque*

of Religion. If *Belinda*, in the Letters I've communicated to your Ladiship, has behav'd her self in any kind disagreeable to her Sex, let me know it, and I'll engage she shall mend her Manners for the future. If you don't think she loves enough, she shall grow jealous, and never speak well of him her self, nor suffer Any-body else to speak ill of him, (the surest sign of Love in the World) Or if you think her too kind to her Lover, she shall set up for *Religion*, be very Godly, and very ill natur'd, rail at *Profaneness*, and in a Pious *Christian* way enjoy Somebody she likes better.

Your Ladiship is pleas'd to censure my *Jealousie* as incurable: But pray, *Madam*, be pleas'd to consider, where Men are apt to be jealous out of Fondness, as they are often jealous without a Cause; so they're as often satisfy'd without Reason. I'm surpriz'd at *Eugenia's Apology* for her writing Non-sense, when there's no Woman living, but what might be proud to copy after her: so Free, so Easie, so Witty are her Letters: Besides were it not so, as *Mr. Congreve* has it, there would be more Eloquence in your false-spelt Supercri-

perfection, than in all Tully's and Demosthenes his Orations, to me, Madam, who am

Your most constant and faithful

Humble Servant,

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,
T E N Thousand Thanks to the Divine *Eugenia* for this Morning's Blessing of a Letter, full of the Charms of her that sent 'em ; full of Honour, Wit, and Good-humour : nay, more than *Providence* could spare to you, without forming a Mass of Fools at the same time to retrieve the Expence.

*On You the Image of Himself he stamp'd,
 And every part He most Divinely hit ;
 Your Eyes his Glory, and his Power your
 Wit.*

Pardon me, *Madam*, for this Start of Poetry ; for tho' I have no Skill in it, I have yet a double Pretence to the Attempt, both as *Lover* and *Fidler*. Besides, your Ladiship's Poetry (the finest, as well as the easiest in the World) provoked me to return the Debt ; not that I presum'd, *Madam*, that I could pay you in the same *Sterling*, but in such *Birmingham* Coin as I can compass. Tho' I am perswaded there's
 so

so much of the *Poetick* Fire in yours, that more of them will do with me, what the *Hermetick* Fire does with Metals, transmute me into true Standard Gold, and make my *Poetry* as engaging as your Charms, that inspire me with a Love as lasting as your Slave.

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,

HOW long must I Write and Sigh in vain? Not one line, not one word, to the Man that loves and adores you next Heaven? Why should I grieve for her, that hates me? Or write to her, that scorns to answer me? That, after all her Professions of Friendship to her *Lysander*, forgets him, now *Alphonso's* in the Country? As if she measur'd Love by the proud weight of the Person, and not of the Passion; that after so many Years of sincere Love, after the faithful Service of the old Patriarch's waiting, turns him off, for a New-comer; as if you did it to fulfil what is written, in giving the Laborer that came the last Hour, the same wages with him that came the first. For my part, *Madam*, I never knew what it was to compound a Debt with a Mistress; and for Love to dwindle into Friendship, is not so much as to pay Twelve-pence in the Pound: No, *Madam*, Time has not made me such a Bankrupt, and I've an ho-

honest Principle, than to break, when I'm so well stock'd with Love.

This is the third Letter, *Madam*, I've sent you, since I've heard from you: Town and Country are equally uneasie to me, when I hear not from *Eugenia*, when I'm depriv'd from the sight of her: But I shall find more frequent Oportunity of seeing you, designing *Don Quixot* like, with my *Sanco Panca*, to travel about in pursuit of Adventures, that may bring me to *Eugenia* or Death.

LYSANDER.

By

By the same.

M A D A M,

THe Letter this Day's Post brought me, wou'd have surpriz'd any one but me, whom you have so inur'd to Injuries, that I look on my ordinary Injustice as an Obligation, having had the honour to have receiv'd an hundred times more than this from your Ladiship. I was telling my Friend, last Night, That I had read several *Encomiums* on the Gout, Fever, Plague, &c. written by witty Men; to which I thought the Praise of Women might be annex'd ; but little expected so home and serious a Proof of the Reasonableness of my Jest. Faith, *Madam*, you have such ill success in the Counsels of your *Allies*, that I would, were I you, for once, try my own. You seldom find Confederates successful against a single Foe, who has No-body to consult but his own Will and Pleasure. We take the Field when we will ; march when we will, and do what we will, while the diffe-

different Powers, that make up a Confederacy, draw each a several way, and by the slowness of their Resolutions, lose the Opportunity of their Fortune. However, *Madam*, 'tis not your Severity can destroy my Passion, I must and will be yours one way or other; no Resolutions, no Unkindness can ever alter me. My Love, *Eugenia*, is like the Appearance of a *Phoenix*, not to be seen, but once in a thousand Years: My Tongue never professes what my Heart is not possess'd with. No, no, *Madam*, Love is too noble a Passion to be fool'd with. Your laying Addreses elsewhere to my Charge, is Obliging; for nothing could please me more than your Jealousie; yet, let me assure the Divine *Eugenia*, that 'tis no easie matter for a Man bred up in an Adoration, for twice seven Years together to change his Devotion; and whatever little Excursions I might make, all this time, 'twas but to pray to others for your sake. And thus you see, *Madam*, how little Pains I spare to win the Empire of the World, *Your Love*.

*If only to be happy, be to live,
As all the Brave and Generous believe;
You'll in one Year within my Arms live
more.*

*Than all the tasteless Tears you liv'd be-
fore;*

*One blast of Breath will never then be lost
But Lip from Lip, each others Soul be tost:
Thus by a new Philosophy, we'll prove,
Perpetual Motion, and Eternal Love.*

*Dearest Eugenia, Adieu; never again
be so cruel to throw away any more
fruitless Advice, about changing my Ad-
dress; for 'tis impossible I shou'd ever be
other than*

Your Constant Slave,

LYSANDER.

To my Lady—

Richmond, March 4.

Here I am at last, *Madam*, to shew you the force of my Resolution; and here I positively stay till *Saturday*: Nay, I don't know but I may stretch it to *Monday*: For if once I get into Town again, the *Lord* knows when I get out on't; and I'm afraid, I shan't suck so much of this heavenly Air in two Days, as I may possibly stand in need of: For I don't find my Legs of half that Importance to me they us'd to be. Half a Mile up Hill makes 'em grumble cursedly. I have a scoundrel pair of Bellows too, that puff and blow, and make a damnable Splutter. In short, the present Scituation of my Affairs are such, I can give but a very scurvy Account of the pertest part about me.

That things may mend, is my Hope and my Comfort, *Madam*; for were they to hang long thus, 'twere no great Loss, either to my self, or other Folks, if I were hang'd too. Possibly your Ladship may
O o be

be of my Opinion ; if you are, pray, toss me a short Prayer into your *Lent-devotions* for my Re-establishment. I would have begg'd one from a *Catholick* Lady in the next Room, who is puzzling over a long lewd Account she's to make up against *Easter* ; but she's so taken up with her Sins and her *Crucifix*, she cares not if I were damn'd. If I am not, I hope she will ; for she's so ugly, I desire I may never be in the same place with her again.

The Penny-post, *Madam*, is to hand this to the Town's-end, and he's just starting: So, if my Letter's too short, 'tis he's the Puppy-dog this time, not I.

To Mr. ———

Honest D I C K,

I Have not only heard of, but born a part in some of your Frolicks ; yet never observ'd any so extravagant, as gave me reason to apprehend you wou'd ever be so mad as to marry. Sure the Devil is in thee, or her ; for without *Fascination* this Miracle could never be wrought? To be very sick of *Love* is no wonder, but that can't last long ; the raging *Fever* must pass, or kill. Your *Fate* is soon determin'd ; a few Days bring it to its *Crisis*: And is it not better dying quietly in your own Sheets, than in a whining Wife's Arms? You can never live in Charity with her ten days together, unless you are a stricter *Christian* than I take you, or think it possible for one of nineteen to be. Experience, dear-bought Experience has convinc'd me, that the Difference between Women consists more in our Capricious Humours, and the Sense of Variety, than any intrinsic Goodness, not very common to their Sex. The Novelty may please, 'tis true ; but after the first

Week's Enjoyment, a Wife is eternally the same: the Ruin of your Estate, and the Disquiet of your Bed. If she live three Years, she'll spend more than her Fortune in Cloaths. If she bring you any Children, these are so many fresh Additions to your Misfortunes, creating Torments if they live, and Grief if they die. Which of thy Sins, *Dick*, has been so black in it self, or so heinous in its Circumstances; so frequently repeated, or so long unrepented of, as to deserve so heavy, so lasting a Damnation? You that cou'd never like a Woman above a Week, and chang'd your Mistresses faster than they did their Lodgings: How, alas! do you think it possible not to be miserable under this Pagan Yoak? Tho' I don't pretend to the Spirit of Prophecy, yet I dare engage you'd give five times her Estate, within the Year, to be at Liberty again. Alas! *Dick*, this is not a Confinement, that ten *Guinea's* will bear you out of; but, what is the greatest Mischief, 'twill last all your Life. The knowing that we can't alter our Condition, I believe, is the most sensible Affliction that can befall us. You know the Story of the Man that broke his Heart with the Thoughts

Thoughts of being forbidden to walk without the Walls of a great City, tho' he had never stirr'd a Foot out of it before. Besides, a Husband is the most insipid Character of all Mankind, never pleasing, and seldom pleased ; tormented in his own Person, and more feelingly in that of his Children, who are continually whipp'd and beaten, to be reveng'd of his Unkindness, or to provoke his Anger. Be sober once in thy Life, and renounce the Thoughts of so fatal a Consequence. Why will you affect drinking out of *Horn*, when you have so much *Plate* ? You had best shew this to your fair *Charmer*, and demonstrate the Powers of her Eyes, by resisting so wholesom and seasonable Advice. If you think fit, do so ; I had rather lose her Good-will, than not shew my own *Integrity* ; and wou'd refuse your *Friendship*, if I might not shew my own.

To Mrs. —

Lovely Object of my solicitous Desires!

TIS impossible for me to resist the Charms of your bewitching Face; and if you are not less cruel than you're fair, I shall be eternally miserable. Heaven knows with what an unusual throbbing my Heart was seiz'd, when first I saw you. And who, indeed, could behold, without a tender Concern, the beautifullest Creature, that Nature ever made, or our Eyes at least beheld? And from whence cou'd proceed so unaccountable a Disorder, unless from *Love*? It is not superfluous to confess a Flame, I cou'd not possibly avoid. And what needs there more to convince the World of my Passion, than the Assurance I had seen you? *Love* is so charming in its Birth, that we readily yield to his softer Impulses; but so powerful withal, that we as vainly oppose them. In your Company consists my Happiness; and I am wretched, when I am forc'd from your Feet. Could my dear *Dorinda* know, with what Anguish and Horror I pass every

every tedious Hour away, while at this distance from her, she wou'd doubtless wish my Condition less wretched. Common Gratitude obliges us to Pity, if we can't redress the Miseries we cause. Since this is the only Happiness I can at present enjoy, be so indulgent as to permit it: For why shou'd you refuse me a Felicity, that can stand you but in two Pence? If the declaring my Passion you imputed to me as a Crime, the Torments it creates me, are a sufficient Punishment, and you are reveng'd of all my Faults in my own Despair.

*A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS,
who was afterwards Pope PIUS
the Second, to his Father, about
a Bastard-Son, whom he sent to
him.*

*Translated from the Latin, by Mr.
T. Brown.*

Æn. Sylv. Oper. p. 510. Edit. Basil.

YOU sent me word in your last, That
you could not tell whether you
were to rejoyce, or grieve at the late
Present that *Providence* made me of a Son.
For my part, I see reason enough for the
former, but not the least pretence for the
latter: For tell me, what pretier Sport is
there, than for a Man to beget his own
Likeness? Or what more refreshing sight
can there be, on this side Heaven, than to
see on's Table well stock'd with Olive-
branches? As for my self, without blush-
ing, I own to you, That 'tis an unspeak-
able Pleasure to me, to find, that I have not
bestow'd my Pains in a barren Soil; and
I daily return my Thanks to Heaven, for
sending

sending me no *Cloven Present*, no whimpering, silly Girl; but a fine chopping, lusty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother, with his innocent Prattling. Now, Sir, if you took any Satisfaction at my Birth, why shou'd not the Cockles of your old Heart dance upon this occasion; or why shou'd you not be as well pleas'd to behold my Picture in a Grand-son? But, perhaps, you'll tell me, That your Conscience is somewhat uneasy, because the poor Child was begotten in Sin, and out of the Pale of *Matrimony*. If the Shooe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil Questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I compos'd of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone, or Iron, or any such unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me true Flesh and Blood, and, if I have committed any Crime, in making use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant Utensils from you. In the next place, do but consider how it was with your self at my Years: You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that you never lay under the scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no blot
to

to your Family, I hope : no *Eunuch*, or any thing like it. Neither am I *Hypocrite* enough, to pretend to more Sanctity than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own, I have been a Trespasser, a vile abominable Trespasser in my time ; but, to my great Comfort, *David* and *Solomon*, went the same road before me: and, as I am modest in my own Nature, a Curse light on me, if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say abundance of shrewd things for it self ; it can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quotes the *Lord* knows how many Texts out of the new and old Testament ; and, to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not at one time or another been guilty of it in Thought or Deed. This Corruption (if it may be call'd a Corruption for a Man to imploy his Natural Talent) is of all Countries and Regions : But, under the Rose, Sir, why shou'd *Copulation* be treated with such ill Language, as generally 'tis ; or why shou'd our *Casuits* so furiously condemn it, since Nature, that never does any thing in vain, has

has interwoven this Appetite with our very Constitutions, and inspired the whole Creation with an eternal desire to continue their own Species? But, I suppose you'll reply, That there are certain limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's Consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted, That as Man ought never to get up and ride, without the Priests Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter? Was there never any Sin; do you think, committed within the Matrimonial Sheets? I hope, Old Gentleman, you'll not advance such false Doctrine as that is. There are fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking; but what Man, in a thousand, is such a slavish Coxcomb, as to be confin'd to them? Some Whining-grave Rascals may tell you, They were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have said it; but I hate all Liars, and since I carry human Infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this Point. But because you seem to distrust, that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and wou'd fain be satisfied whether the Child really belongs

longs to me or no : Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to take this short History of the whole Affair. I had been *Envoy* at *Strasburg* some two Years, and, as it happen'd, had no great Business upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arriv'd from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to please a nicer Palate than mine, chanced to come to the same Inn where I lodg'd: She spoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Conversation with her in that Language, which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one that understood *Italian* in those parts of the World. In short, what with her *Wit* and *Beauty*, she gain'd an absolute Ascendant over my Heart; so that, as often as I beheld her, I cou'd not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the Gaiety and Charms of her Discourse, made such a pair of Asses of *Julius Caesar* and *Mark Antony*. Thought I, to my self, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive Fellow as I am, for doing what the most illustrious *Heroes* of Antiquity have justified by their own Examples? Sometimes I supported my self by the Precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Ari-*

Aristotle, and sometimes by famous Instances in the *Christian Church*. To make short of my Story, I was passionately in love with this *Belle Tramorane*, and attempted her with all the *Rhetorick* I was Master of. But she, deaf to my Vows and Passion, slighted all my Protestations; so that, for three long-liv'd Days, (an Age in the *Chronicles of Love*) I found I had made little or no progress in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her *Vertue*, her *Fear*, or *Discretion*, I won't be positive, but am inclin'd to the latter. For, as it appear'd, she stood in some awe of the House, from whom she expected certain Kindnesses.

The fatal Night now approach'd, and next Morning early she was to pursue her Journey. What *Fears*, what *Apprehensions* reached my Soul, lest the *Quarry* should escape me? I threw my self down at her Feet, embraced her Knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her Door; adding, that in the Silence of the Night I wou'd steal to her Chamber, and give her the last Convictions, that I was her most devoted Vassal. She refus'd to comply with my Desires, stood much upon her *Virtue*, and gave me not the least Hopes of succeeding

ing

ing. I still importun'd her upon the same Chapter, but she still made me the same Answer, and insisted upon her *Vertue*. Well, when all the Family was gone to Bed, said I to my self, shall I see whether the Lady has done as I desired her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps she has since thought better of the matter; and, after all, 'tis no great trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was hushed, I groped my way to her Chamber in the dark: The Door was shut, but not bolted; so in I came, rush'd into Bed, and after a little foolish struggling, got Possession of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene besel me about the beginning of *February*, and nine Months after, my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whose Name was *Betty*, dropt in two, and was deliver'd of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from her own Mouth at *Basil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At first I thought she had invented this Story, on purpose to wheedle a Sum of Money out of me, and gave no great heed to it: But then considering, that the Enjoyment of her at *Strasburg* had not cost me a Farthing,
but

but only put me to the expence of a few foolish Oaths, and so forth, which are easily coined in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect mercenary Ends; therefore, why should I now suspect her Integrity? Besides, the Time, and all other Circumstances agreed so well, that I could no longer doubt of what she told me, especially it being at a Juncture, when she cou'd expect no great matters from me. These Reasons induced me to believe, that the Child was begot with the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray Sir, take him into your Family; bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the young Rogue, breed him up in the Fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in a Garret, till he's big enough to find the way to his Daddy.

Farewell.

FINIS.

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